

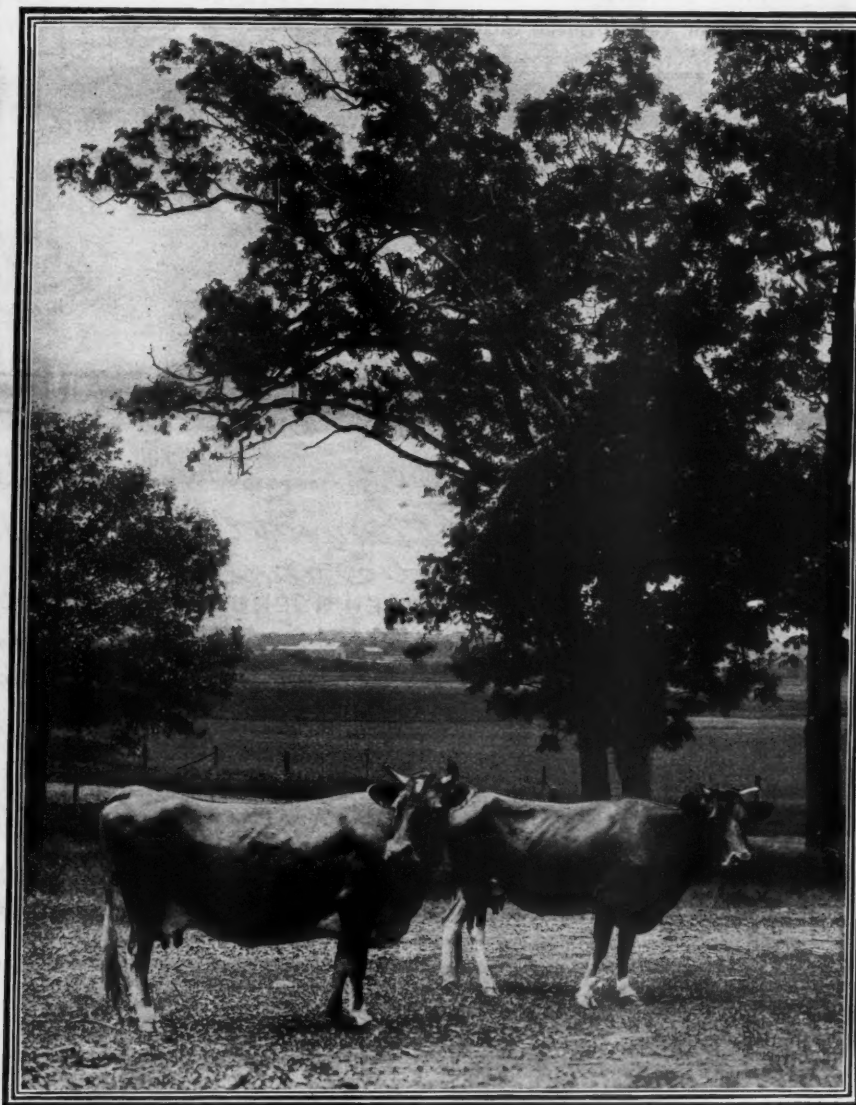
# GREEN'S FRUIT GROWER



Volume 27

AUGUST, 1907

Number 8



FARM SCENE IN AUGUST.

From Farmers Voice,  
Chicago, Ill.

Special Issue Devoted to  
Items of Human Interest



# Will You Join Hands with Me?

## Will You be one of the Publishers of Green's Fruit Grower?



**Charles A. Green**  
President Green's Fruit Grower  
Company,

Who personally guarantees the dividend on this stock.

The president of a large and flourishing Chicago company called upon me recently, and inquired about the incorporation of Green's Fruit Grower Company, under the laws of the State of New York. When he discovered that the company was capitalized for only \$50,000 whereas other similar publications are incorporated for \$250,000, and when he learned that the gross income last year was over \$60,000, or nearly \$11,000 more than the total capitalization, he said he would like to take five hundred dollars worth of this stock. He considered the fact that C. A. Green would guarantee six per cent. dividends on this stock a guarantee of good faith.

### The Friends of Green's Fruit Grower Coming to the Front.

A young lady who was formerly a clerk in the office of Green's Fruit Grower is now living at St. Louis, Mo. She wrote that she would like to take stock in Green's Fruit Grower Co., and on learning the particulars was assigned twenty shares.

Those who have taken stock are from far and near, covering many of the states and territories. This is just as I would like to have it. I would like to have the stockholders scattered over as large and extensive country as possible.

### Have You Overlooked This Fact?

When you take shares in this company you become a subscriber without further payment, as follows:

Read this: Those purchasing one share (\$10) will receive a paid up subscription to Green's Fruit Grower for three years; those purchasing two shares (\$20) will receive a paid up subscription to Green's Fruit Grower for six years; those purchasing three shares (\$30) will receive a paid up subscription to Green's Fruit Grower for ten years; those purchasing four shares (\$40) will receive a paid up subscription to Green's Fruit Grower for thirteen years, and those purchasing five shares (\$50), or over will receive a paid up life subscription to Green's Fruit Grower. Notice that each share will also receive a six per cent. cash dividend each year.

Buy a few shares and become a stockholder in one of the most prosperous magazines of its class in the world.

The policy we are pursuing in selling shares in our paper is as we have already stated, we want your co-operation, your support, and your words in aiding us in extending the usefulness of Green's Fruit Grower. We aim to secure you as a co-worker in this firm, and we give you our personal guarantee that whatever money you may as a subscriber invest, will bring its reward every six months in a dividend of not less than six per cent. per annum.

### Many Would-be Stockholders

Have written me stating that they will have the money coming in in a few weeks or months and would like to have stock reserved until that time. I would be glad to enter your name with this understanding.

Others have written that they would like to pay for the shares ten dollars a month, etc. This is satisfactory. We will accept such orders giving receipt for each sum paid, certificate of stock to be sent later when the amount is fully paid.

Had you invested only \$10 in Bell Telephone stock a few years ago you could sell your interest to-day for more than \$20,000. Such opportunities for fortune-making investments occur only once or twice in a lifetime.

CHARLES A. GREEN, President and Treasurer.

## GREEN'S FRUIT GROWER COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

Please enter my order for stock as follows:

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Post Office \_\_\_\_\_  
County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose herewith { \$10 for one share  
\$50 for five shares } of the stock of Green's Fruit Grower Company.  
\$100 for ten shares

To GREEN'S FRUIT GROWER CO., Rochester, N. Y.



A FAC-SIMILE OF A CERTIFICATE OF STOCK ISSUED BY GREEN'S FRUIT GROWER CO.



## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

This department is established by the editor for the benefit of the readers of Green's Fruit Grower who have land, houses, tools, farm products or anything else to sell. The special rate is six cents per word. No display advertisements will be run in this department, or at this rate. Not more than three words of the first line to be in full faced type. Minimum space two lines or 15 words. Maximum space 12 lines. Minimum charge, \$1.00. Cash must accompany all orders for classified advertisements. Copy must reach us by the 20th of the month preceding the month you wish the "ad" to appear. Address, Green's Fruit Grower Co., Rochester, N. Y.

## FARMS FOR SALE

**MONEY-MAKING FRUIT** lands cheap. W. Giles, (Fruit Colony) Swann Station, N. C.

**DO YOU** want a fruit farm in Oregon where you can raise more and better apples, cherries, strawberries and plums than in California and get bigger prices for them? Organize a colony of your neighbors and bring them. Money in it. Write to Chamber of Commerce, room 453, Astoria, Oregon, for particulars.

**VALUABLE TRUCK AND DAIRY FARM FOR SALE.**—Thirty-five acres in suburbs of city. Splendid ten room house, large barn and out buildings. Twenty acres in high state of cultivation; splendid market. This property will be sold at a bargain. For particulars, address Box No. 27, Fayetteville, N. C.

**COMMERCIAL ORCHARD AND FARM,** 203 acres, in the heart of the great fruit belt of the Valley of Virginia. Sixty acres bearing fruit, balance bottom lands. Price, \$15,000.00. B. E. Watson, Stuarts Draft, Va.

**VIRGINIA FRUIT FARM** in famous Albemarle Pippin belt; 164 acres; 1,000 apple trees. Priced low for quick sale to settle estate. W. L. Woodson, 45 Park place, New York.

**STOCK FARM** in eastern Nebraska; 2,800 acres—fine hay and pasture land, grows timothy, clover, bluegrass and alfalfa. Is adapted to raising horses, mules, cattle, hogs and sheep. Will make a fortune for the owner. Terms \$55,000; \$40,000 may remain on the land if desired. Address W. Webster, Monroe, Nebraska.

**SUBSCRIBER** owns 160 acres, one half of which he wishes to sell. In sugar beet belt, two miles from town and shipping point, where are located Pickle Canneries, Bean and Grain Elevators and Pay Station for Beets. It is good gardening land and especially adapted to Fruit or Poultry raising. Cold Storage near for eggs. Will sell for \$1,600, as I cannot handle it all. Write A. H. Olmstead, No. 1 Elm Hall, Mich.

I am glad I came here. Land that will grow \$200 worth of fruit per acre can be bought for \$1 per acre. Write quick to Promoter of Fruit Colony, Swann Station, Moore County, N. C.

## MANAGER WANTED

**FARM MANAGER WANTED.**—To take charge of a 700 acre farm, half of it cultivated, the other half suitable for cultivation, fruit growing or dairying. The man must understand fruit growing, poultry, dairying and general farming. Give full particulars. Address, G. C. Davison, Shenandoah, Pa.

## CANNING OUTFITS

**RANEY CANNING OUTFITS** for housekeepers, farmers, fruit and truck growers. The original up-to-date. We give you the best, with full instructions for home or market canning. Simple and easy. Prices \$5 to \$10 and up. Write for information to E. G. MENDENHALL, Box 303, Kinmundy, Ill.

## POULTRY FOR SALE

**JUMBO HOMERS** for SQUAB BREEDING \$1.50 per pair. Every pair guaranteed mated and banded. Send 4 cts. in stamps for large book which gives valuable information. Providence Squab Co., Providence, R. I.

## CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

**HOW TO PASS CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.**—Study the New York State Examinations at home; fourteen years' examinations in 22 subjects with answers. Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, History, Civics, etc. Price, \$2.00; any single subject, 25c. Ball Publishing Co., Box F, Rochester, N. Y.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**VIOLETS.**—Marie Louise Lagg Hume Campbells for forcing next winter, six cents a piece; extra strong plants. Address, Box 206, Buzzards Bay, Mass.

**SCALES, SAFES, SEWING MACHINES, ETC.** Highest prize for 50 years for Chicago Scale Co.'s Scales, Chicago, Ill. Best Fire Proof Safes and Sewing Machines at lowest prices. Information free.

**COLD STORAGE** is the best way of keeping fruit—everybody knows that. You may think that the cost of a plant is greater than you can afford. Investigate the Gravity Brine System. Better results than with a refrigerating machine; lower first cost; absolute safety against break down. Madison Cooper Co., No. 120 Court street, Watertown, N. Y.

**X. Y. Z.** Subscribers may obtain handsome silverware free by taking orders for Green's Fruit Grower. (See advertisement in this paper.) When taking orders mark them X. Y. Z. and the paper will be discontinued when the year is up if the party subscribing wishes it. Green's Fruit Grower Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Schoolmaster—Why did you stay away from school, Frankie?  
Boy—Me muther brawke 'er arm.  
Schoolmaster—But why did you stay two days?  
Boy—She brawke it ' two pla'aces!—"Punch."

## GREEN'S FRUIT GROWER

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL.

GREEN'S FRUIT GROWER CO., Publishers.

Charles A. Green, . . . . . Editor.  
Prof. H. E. Van Deman, Associate Editor.Price 50 cents per year, if paid in advance. Postage Free.  
Office, Corner South and Highland Avenues.

Rates for advertising space made known on application.

Entered at Rochester Post Office as second class mail matter.

Subscribers who intend to change their residence will please notify this office, giving old and new addresses.

**OUR ADVERTISERS.**—We believe that the advertisers using space in Green's Fruit Grower are a worthy and deserving class of business men. It is not our intention to permit the insertion of any misleading advertisement in these pages. If any subscriber has been defrauded by an advertisement appearing in Green's Fruit Grower he will do us and the public at large a service by at once reporting this advertiser to us, giving full particulars. Upon receipt of this complaint we will investigate the affair and will do everything in our power to bring about a satisfactory adjustment. If we find that any advertiser has defrauded our readers, we will deny him space for his future ads. In these pages.

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

This issue of Green's Fruit Grower is devoted largely to items of human interest.

A great poet has said "that the proper study of mankind is man." The man, woman or child who is not interested in humanity is unworthy of his great inheritance. I intend to continue to repeat the words written on the dome of the Pan-American Exposition which read as follows: "Everything of human interest interests me."

We should ever be interested in human events of the past. Why is this twentieth century the most wonderful of all centuries? The answer is, because the present century inherits all good coming from the acts of men and women in the centuries of the past. All the inventions, discoveries, literature, progress of the arts and sciences all have been handed down to the present age.

I shall endeavor to give credit to the proper source for all the clippings used in this issue, but it is not possible in every case to give proper credit, and this fact is known to few but the experienced editor. There are many paragraphs, old thoughts and wise sayings which are reprinted from year to year the original source of which has been lost.

Why are the old sayings apt to be the best? The answer is for the reason that they have been tested and approved by mankind. New sayings are published and forgotten, unless they possess remarkable merit. If possessed of great merit they continue to live and continue to be republished. How many bright things you and I have read during the years of our lives which we have forgotten. How glad we would be to have these forgotten gems called again to our recollection.

Every issue of Green's Fruit Grower is intended to be devoted to affairs of human interest. Any publication which is not devoted to affairs of human interest must of necessity be a failure. Human life—how much there is in it of mirth, joy and tragedy. Every life is made of comedy and tragedy, of smiles and tears, of joy and grief. Human life is like the days of the years, made up of sunshine, of passing clouds, of refreshing showers and of devastating hurricanes and tornadoes. We begin life cradled in the arms of our mothers. We end life tossed upon the billows of manhood, or shadowed by the obscurity and quiet of that silent pathway leading down to old age and death.

Will the readers of Green's Fruit Grower write the editor by postal card telling him whether they are pleased with the contents of this issue devoted to the interest of human life. The editor is ever wanting to know what subjects most greatly interest his readers.

**Human Conceit or Self Respect.**—Most people have conceit. Conceit broadly defined is self respect carried to extremes. It is conceded that self respect is essential, but those who consider themselves of more importance than facts would warrant are called conceited and are criticised.

If I had the power to remove conceit from every individual on the earth I would not use the power, for if I should deprive mankind of all conceit, I would be doing mankind at large and the enterprises of the world great injury.

Few of us realize what conceit does for the individual and the important place it fills in human character. If you take all conceit out of a man it is much the same as taking the starch out of your collar. You have left simply the limpy cloth lacking shape and substance.

The literal fact is that there are few men or women in this world without whom the world could get along passably

well, but to impress this fact upon each individual is not desirable.

If I could go to the ambitious artist, poet, lawyer, judge or to the average enterprising citizen, and by one blow annihilate all conceit in each individual, the blow might result in death. In any event it would prostrate the individual, causing him great mental anguish and physical depression. Thus the man or woman whose mission is to take the conceit out of people is not a public benefactor.

Every man, woman and child is of importance to someone in some place or position in life. The fact that this importance is appreciated and leads to conceit giving the individual dignity. The tramp has not dignity for the reason that his conceit has been taken from him. Most tramps have been crushed in their experiences with life. They have lost ambition, hope, courage, self respect. These tramps started out in life full of conceit, but one failure after another took the starch out of them, leaving them practically useless.

Let us then be lenient with those friends or acquaintances who seem to be conceited. Let us say to ourselves that it is better that they should have a little higher estimation of their importance than facts would warrant, since this will brace them up in their warfare with life.

Washington's Death.—My friend, the doctor, tells me that General George Washington died not from any disease but from being bled to death. He was simply attacked with tonsillitis. He was not much over fifty years of age. Four doctors were called to see him and each one, not knowing what else to do, bled him. The four bleedings reduced his vitality to such a low ebb as to cause his death. This is a sad reflection on the doctors of a little over a hundred years ago.

Last autumn, under the direction of F. E. Dawley, of Fayetteville, director of farmers' institutes for New York state, a series of institutes for women was inaugurated and the demand for this educational work was abundantly evidenced in the report given in newspapers throughout the state in localities where such meetings were held, says Syracuse "Post Standard."

The heart of the farm is the home and the wife and mother on the farm makes the home. She is also, in a very literal sense, a partner in contributing to the success of average farm management, and thus in contributing to the wealth and stability of the state. On purely material grounds it is quite as necessary to successful farming that the women folks know how to give a balanced ration, for example, to the men who work on the farm and to the growing children, as for the farmer to know how to give a balanced ration to his cow, so that he may secure the best possible returns.

Just get on the tiptoe of life and peep over the big board fence of prejudice, and then you will see the rhubarb pie smiling like a clover field, all abloom and bumbling with bees. Of course, the trouble is that people treat the rhubarb as a sort of plebeian herb, entitled to no distinction whatever, and to be handled without the least delicacy of touch or taste. Go to. It takes civility to make a pie. No one has any business to approach the task with a frown, a growl or a prejudice. She must meet the sunshine, the blinking dews, and the soft gales. She must mix the sugar, the flour, the butter, the rhubarb, the spicy or citric flavor, with grace and gratitude, with kind words and visions of hope. There is the great secret of pie, as it is of life.—Brooklyn "Standard-Union."

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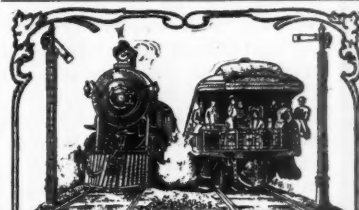
Low wheels, broad tires. No living man can build a better. Book on "Wheel Sense" free. Electric Wheel Co. Box 81, Quincy, Ill.



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LIMA, N. Y., near Rochester.

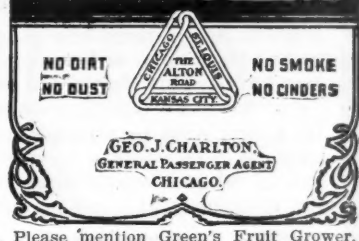
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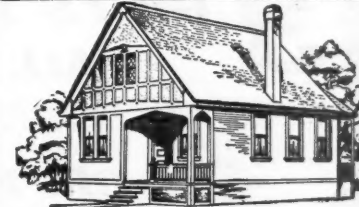
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## "The Only Way"



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My new enlarged catalogue of designs and plans of modern low cost houses and cottages is now ready, and will be sent, postpaid to any address, on receipt of 25 cents, silver. 47 designs and plans of artistic and modern homes, with dimensions and estimated costs given, make the catalogue valuable to intending builders. My price for plans and specifications are lower than all others.

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It makes no difference how good your eyesight may seem to be or how serious and complicated a case of eye trouble you may have. This simple, but effectual treatment alone may be the means of preventing some more serious trouble.

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Sit down right now and write me a letter (or a post card will do), so that I may send you my Aluminum Eye Cup, the 5 days' treatment and my Eye and Ear book all free. Sign your name plainly as I cannot afford to have these packages go astray.

**DR. F. G. CURTS,**  
926 Gumbel Building - Kansas City, Mo.

Either now or hereafter for this Aluminum Eye Cup, the Box of Medicine (5 days' Treatment) and my complete treatise on the Eye and Ear. I want to have you read my book because I believe it is without a doubt the best book of the kind ever published. It is written in plain, everyday language so that all can understand, and it contains a great deal of valuable information about the cause and cure of Failing Eyesight, Cataract, Granulated Lids, Scums, Sore Eyes, Deafness, Head Noises, Ringing and Buzzing in the Head, Discharging Ears and Catarrh, etc. It is carefully and correctly illustrated, and I know that this book will prove of the greatest benefit to all who read it. Many people have paid from \$1.00 to \$2.00 for books that do not contain one-half the valuable information my book does. Write for a copy and judge for yourself.

I will send you my symptom blank and will diagnose your case and give you advice. It will not cost you a single cent and you are under no obligations to me whatever, but if you require it I can give you special treatment in your own home. If you want to rid yourself of Eye or Ear Trouble, send today for my free book, my Aluminum Eye Cup and my 5 days' treatment—all free. You should not overlook this liberal offer.

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EYE OR EAR TROUBLES



The Circulation of This Paper Has Never Been Misrepresented.

# GREEN'S FRUIT GROWER and HOME COMPANION

Published Monthly—Price, 50 Cents a Year.

Volume 27.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST, 1907.

Number 8.



GENESEE WESLEYAN SEMINARY, KNOWN AS LIMA SEMINARY, WHERE OUR EDITOR RECEIVED HIS EARLY EDUCATION.

## Items of Human Interest at Lima, N. Y., Seminary.

This famous institution of learning has recently celebrated its seventy-fifth year. A full week's programme was offered to its vast army of students, working in every part of the world, from India, China and Africa to the frozen regions of the North.

I cannot remember having enjoyed any day of my life more than that devoted to the recent alumni gathering of Lima Seminary. I was a student there in 1861, at about the time of the beginning of the Civil war. As I met the older students on the piazza of the seminary, as I walked about the old play ground, as I looked upon the venerable walls of the building and upon the trees that I had helped to plant, as I sat listening to the music of the band, watching the gatherings of the various classes in groups expanding their lungs and exercising their bodies in the most fantastic positions giving class yells, seeing aged men with white hair and bowed forms, former students of this institution, wandering about like ghosts, mingling with recent students full of youthful ardor and hope, I recalled most vividly my boyhood days, many of which were passed amid these familiar scenes. My heart was made to thrill with recollections of the past and hopes for the future. I was led to ask myself whether I had been dreaming for forty years, and whether it were possible that I was no longer a boy.

I had been selected from a large number of the alumni to make a speech from the platform of Assembly hall. I know not why I should have been selected from so many illustrious guests, except for the reason that I was simply a plain business man, whereas nearly all of the others were professional men. I had assumed that at least a dozen of the old students would be asked to make remarks, and that I was to be one of that number, but to my astonishment, I found that there were but two speakers for this occasion, one of them, a doctor of divinity, whom I was to follow. In-

deed I doubted whether I would be discovered among so many on my arrival, or that there would be time or opportunity for any remarks on my part.

### One of the Talks by an Old Student.

Yesterday I was playing golf with a former student of this seminary, now a teacher in a college at Lincoln, Nebraska. Some one has said that golf is a game in which a man chases a homeopathic pill around a 200-acre lot. I speak of this to call attention to changes that are taking place in this age. What would you have said if your father and mother had played golf at the age of 63 years? If my father had played this game at such an age he would have been in danger of being locked up as a lunatic. Think of Socrates, playing golf, or Julius Caesar or Methuselah?

Changes have also taken place in the conduct of ladies. When I was a boy young women donned those old-fashioned poke sunbonnets, and with modest eyes cast down upon the pathway before them, modestly and quietly moved through life. Now the young woman fastens her gaze upon a star, and says to us men, in the voice of an automobilist, "get out of the way or you will be run over." There is no more notable change of modern times than that in the sphere of woman's activities. She is everywhere met on the active stage of life, in business, in literature, in art, and in science. I look forward with confidence to the day when we shall see a woman Governor of the state of New York, and a woman as President of the United States.

I have forgotten many events that occurred on these grounds forty years ago. I have forgotten many of my old playmates. I see before me to-day in this gathering only four men who were students here at about the time I began my studies. I have forgotten many of the pranks that the boys played upon me in those days of long ago. I have forgotten the name of the girl who sat opposite me at the table in the big din-

ing-room of the seminary. I have to confess here that after having passed the potatoes, turnips, cabbage and parsnips to this young lady daily for three months I never became acquainted with her, and cannot remember ever having saluted her as I passed her on the street. But there are those with whom I associated here forty years ago whom I have never forgotten and never shall forget. I allude to the teachers of forty years ago. Blessed be their memory. Next to my father, my mother, my brothers and sisters I love and cherish the memory of those teachers of my boyhood days. We call this pile of clay and stones Seminary hill; we call yonder building of brick and mortar the seminary, but this is not speaking truly or accurately. The seminary is not the building. Lima Seminary now and ever has consisted of its teachers. During the season of vacation there is no seminary here; the life, the strength, the virtue has gone out of this place when the teachers have departed.

I wish I had the ability to pay a fitting tribute to the worthy but very poorly paid teacher. Assuming this to be a feast, and that I were called upon to make a toast, I would hold high in my hand the glass of sparkling water, and say here is to the good old teachers of the past; peace to their memories. In imagination, if in no other way, let us place garlands of the brightest flowers upon their graves.

### The Boy on the Farm in Old Days who went to Lima Seminary.

I have a special reason for bringing to your minds the boy on the farm, cut off from the association of the villages and the cities, as he appeared forty years ago. My father's farm was located off from the main roads, two miles from the nearest village, six miles from the nearest railroad and twelve miles from the nearest city. The center of education and culture in that locality was the little cobblestone school house, with one cracked corner, perched on a knoll in the open country, surrounded by woodlands, meadows and fields of grain.

My father's farm was one of the finest in the world. It was a beautiful place and a happy home. I shall ever have

pleasant recollections of this farm home and this farm life of my early childhood. My father and mother were leading members in the village church and my mother sang in the choir. My brothers and sisters, who were older than myself, were educated and cultured. Our farm house was often the scene of social gatherings, attended by many of the Lima Seminary students. But as for myself, I was as green as a cucumber. How could it have been otherwise. I had never been away from home over night, had never seen any other city than Rochester, and that very seldom. I had no society except that of my own family, the neighboring boys, and the farm hands. I was tall beyond my years, awkward and diffident.

Who made my boots? The village cobbler. No one wore shoes in those days. The boots of the farmer's boy were of marvelous construction, but not designed for beauty of outline. Who made my clothing? Often my mother. I can remember that my collars, which I wore only on Sundays when at church, were ill-fitting and ever distressing me. One side of the collar was ever attempting to climb over my left ear. I was constantly outgrowing my clothes, my trousers being from six inches to a foot too short. Who cut my hair? I never remember going to a barber, for there were none within twelve miles. My hair was cut by my father or one of the hired men, or went without cutting altogether. Every one used hair oil in those days, strongly scented. You could distinguish the approach of a friend by the smell.

In those early days, which were pioneer days, although I did not realize it, when the brooks and streams were full of fish and the woodlands full of game, a visit made by me to the home of a neighboring boy, a mile distant, was of as great importance as a trip to-day to Boston or Philadelphia. A trip to the village was of as great importance as going to the circus, and a journey to the city of Rochester, perched by the side of my father on a load of potatoes or wheat, was as great an event in my boyish history as a trip to Europe would be to-day.

I pursued my studies at the district school with all the vigor possible. As a



small boy there I was bulldozed by the larger pupils year by year, until at last I found myself the big boy of the school. I remember the first day the school opened. It was the last day that I ever attended the district school. The good teacher came to me with some trepidation inquiring what studies I desired to pursue. When I mentioned algebra she shook her head sorrowfully, and confessed that she was not able to teach it. Then my parents realized that I was a candidate for Lima Seminary, and forthwith I was despatched to that famous institution.

I have been thus particular in describing the condition of the farmers' boys in order that I may tell you that these were the boys who entered the mill at Lima Seminary and were there ground and ground, filed, smoothed and polished, rubbed and snubbed, and finally, through the work of this seminary, were turned out teachers, lawyers, doctors, preachers, bishops, presidents of colleges, presidents of railroads, mayors of cities and possible United States senators and members of Congress.

#### Experience of a Former Student at Lima, N. Y., Seminary.

My father's farm was nearly midway between Lima and Rochester, N. Y., only seven miles distance from Lima. On a clear day we could see the Lima Seminary building from a hill on my father's farm.

My father in common with many other farmers in Monroe county invested one hundred dollars each or more in the Lima Seminary when it was first started. This was a wise move, since it made the farmers feel that they were part owners of the seminary. Since they were part owners, it led them to send their children to Lima to be educated, whereas possibly if they were not thus interested those children might not have been so well educated. Lima seemed to us to be the center of education and of culture throughout our part of the state.

I was the youngest member of my father's family, therefore I was constantly hearing of Lima through my older brothers and sisters who were attending school there, and through the frequent visits of students from the seminary, who often visited at our house.

At the age of sixteen I engaged a room in the seminary in conjunction with a neighbor's boy. We furnished all, or at least a part of the furniture of this room, and were boarded in the seminary. It was a great change from the monotonous farm, where I seldom saw anyone but my own family and the hired men, to the active and bustling seminary town, surrounded by thousands of bright students, many of them coming from distant states.

At that time, Lima was the seat of our Methodist College, as well as the preparatory school known as the seminary. It is my opinion that this was the date of the highest prosperity of Lima Seminary. Every room was occupied and yet more students boarded outside the institution than inside. The class rooms were crowded with students. One of my classes was taught by a Miss Brown, later well known in this city as Mrs. Case; another class was taught by Professor Black, another by Professor S. A. Lattimore, now of the Rochester University; another class by Professor Wells, and another by Professor Gleason, of Bergen, N. Y.

This was during the early days of the Civil war. I remember one day, when Professor Wells' class was filled with students, Dr. Reed, the president of the college, came in and whispered to Professor Wells. After the president left the room, Professor Wells rose excitedly and exclaimed, "Boys, Fort Donaldson is taken. Let us give three cheers." Then the boys almost took the roof off of the building.

#### Pranks of Student Boys.

While the greater number of students were at Lima in dead earnest after knowledge, as might be expected, there were a number of students who were there principally for fun, and frolic. This latter class were engaged in many escapades. A dead woodchuck was discovered one day lying on the forked prongs of a lightning rod which extended above the door of the seminary. As the weather was warm, the innocent woodchuck soon became offensive. We were compelled to sleep with woodchuck and eat woodchuck. Finally, the seminary authorities offered a reward of five dollars to any boy who would climb up and bring down the offensive corpse. A worthy student, who was working his way through college by sweeping out rooms and other work, finally risked his life in climbing up the littlerod, over the slippery tin dome and further up to the forked tips where the woodchuck reclined.

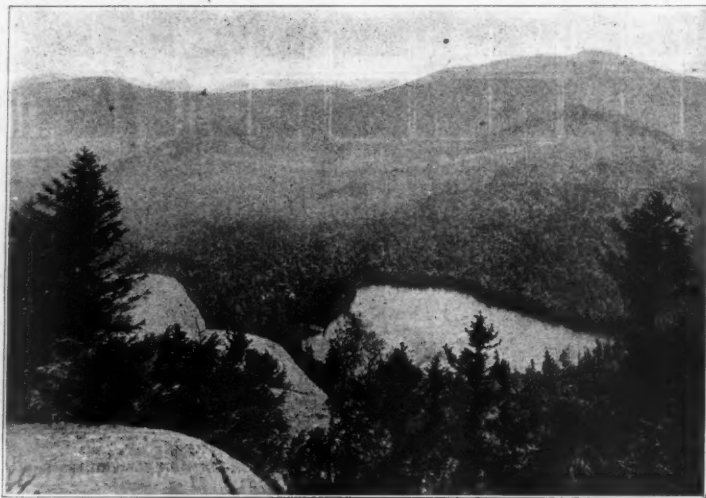
The superintendent of the seminary at the time I was there was a most worthy man, but one who did not understand the nature of boys, and did not get on well with them. He was ever spying on the boys and endeavoring to get the better of them, but seldom succeeded. The students were required to be in the building at 9 o'clock, and if they were not in at that time, they would find the doors locked against them. The superintendent discovered that some of the wild students were out late at night, and were drawn into an upper window by a rope attached to a strong basket. Desiring to outwit the boys, the professor himself appeared at the proper place and gave a signal the same as the other boys did when they were out late and wanted to get in. Soon the basket was lowered and the professor jumped into it, whereupon he was drawn halfway up, where he was left until rescued by his family.

On another occasion the bad boys would roll a cannonball the whole length of the hall through the dormitory division, making a terrible racket. The superintendent would sometimes steal up the stairway in his stocking feet in an attempt to discover the culprits. The boys frustrated this effort by setting tacks, heads down, on the lower steps of the stairs to the great discomfort of the professor, who first got the tacks in his feet, and then when he sat down to pull them out he got them in his pants. After this the professor always wore shoes. Then the boys had another trick

asked my elder sister how they acted on such an occasion. She told me and among other things said I must be careful not to detain any one person a long time in conversation, but that I should pass on after a brief salutation to others, and allow others to do the same. When I arrived at the place I hesitated some time about entering the giddy place, but finally I plucked up courage and entered the doorway. My embarrassment led me to believe that every eye in the room was fixed upon me. I noticed also that some of those looking at me were laughing, whereupon I put my hand up to my tie to see if it had become loosened, pulled down my vest and raised my hand to my hair to see if it had become mussed up, but it had not. It was pasted perfectly lovely as usual. I had trouble with my hands and feet. I never knew before that I had so many hands and feet. They were continually getting in my way. It was needless for my sister to tell me not to hold any one individual in lengthy conversation. My tongue was so twisted, and my mouth so dry, I could not have given an alarm of fire if the building had been in danger. I suffered agony.

Here I want to say that while the farmer's boy at the seminary was often awkward and gawky at the start, as I was, he soon put on the accustomed polish, and it was but a few weeks until he could scarcely be distinguished from his more favored associates.

There were two literary societies, one



The light objects at the left of this photograph are rocks which in the Adirondack mountains are often as large as houses. Notice the lake lying in the valley surrounded by virgin forests. Who would not like to camp on the shores of this lake and fish or dream for a week or two?

ready for him. The cannon ball was heard rolling again, and the professor dashed up stairs and got the ball in his hands, but he dropped it quicker than he picked it up. Why did he drop it? It had been heated almost red hot over the boys' stoves.

The hall of the college building was on the second floor, and there was the bell rope connecting with the college bell. I am told that some wicked boys procured an old hungry horse, bandaged his feet in cloths and partly led and partly pushed him up the stairs to the college chapel. Then they fastened the bell rope about the poor old horse's neck, so that the rope was tight when the horse's head was high in the air. Then they placed a box of oats on the floor, and every time the horse put down his head for a mouthful of oats he rang the bell.

But I think that the meanest thing that the students did was to visit a peach orchard to the westward, carrying off the farmer's peaches. The students would generally select a rainy day for this expedition, then the farmer might be expected to be cleaning up his wheat, reading his newspaper, taking a nap, or was otherwise diverted from watching his orchard. But this was scarcely meaner than the rushing of the rooms of the boys who had grown obnoxious by assuming airs, or better, clothes than the average, or by some other peculiar offensive personality. On these occasions the bed would be sprinkled with cold water, the stove would be taken down, and the stovepipe, with all the other furniture would be piled on top of the bed. While I was never rushed by the boys, they broke in one day and carried off a bag of ginger cookies which my good mother had made at home, and had sent me, fearing that I did not get enough to eat at the common table.

#### Bashful Boy at an Evening Party.

I remember the first evening party to which I was invited as a student at Lima Seminary. I had never before attended such a scene of festivity, therefore I

the Amphyction, of which I was a member, and the other the Lyceum. You may be surprised to learn that no Amphyction considered it possible that there were any worthy members in the Lyceum, and members of the Lyceum held precisely the same views toward the Amphyctions. New students were continually badgered into joining one or the other of these societies with the assurance that if they did not join the society favored by the solicitor they would fall into the hands of wolves, or forever be dishonored.

Many years after my experience at Lima I became a business man at Rochester, and there often drifted into my office old Lima students. In this way and in other ways, I have learned of the important positions in life which Lima students have filled the world over. There are many of these old students in this city occupying high positions, and there are many in almost every other city of this state. They may be found in the missionary and business fields of China, India and other distant parts of the world. This is a good showing for farmers' boys, for most of these students were from the farm. There is no better material for the world's work than an educated farmer's boy.

I was recently spending a few weeks in Washington, D. C. Since my hotel was near the Metropolitan church I made that church my home during my stay, and formed the acquaintance of Dr. John Bristol, the pastor. When he learned that I was from Rochester, he told me that his father and mother were both educated at Lima Seminary, and that they used to live on the Ridge Road, near this city. I knew that a former Lima student, Dr. Huntley, a very successful Methodist preacher, had been preaching in a Washington church, therefore I inquired about him after a service at the Metropolitan Church. I was told that he had preached at this church for many years, but that now he had retired. At present he was simply a member of the church, attending regularly.

#### Sayings of Our Little Ones.

Written for Green's Fruit Grower by George Bancroft Griffith.

A friend of ours, who attended a meeting conducted by the evangelist, the Rev. Mr. Mills, not long ago, heard that gentleman tell a capital story of a paper boy who told a lie in order to sell his paper. The story has not, to our knowledge, ever been printed.

He enquired of one of a class of small boys if he would tell a lie for a cent. "No," replied the boy. "For a dollar?" asked the minister. "No," still said the boy. "For a thousand dollars?" asked the minister. The boy hesitated. One little lie for a thousand dollars seemed a hard thing to deny. The next boy was asked and he made the model reply, "No; because when I had spent the thousand dollars the lie would still stick."

On a mountainous by-road, but a few miles from the residence of the writer, lives a middle-aged lady remarkable for her obesity; she tips the beam at the 300-pound notch. Once when visiting the place where this lady boards, on a church collecting tour, a bright little boy, whom we took with us for company and his gratification, sat gazing at her very attentively during the dinner hour. The head of the family had subscribed liberally for the support of the pastor for the new conference year, and we were just upon the point of asking the fat lady to "come down" with a ten dollar note, when suddenly upspoke Mr. "Five-years-old," in a loud, animated tone, directing his index finger toward the aldermanic stomach of the sensitive boarder,—

"Say, marm, have you forgot to stop growing?"

Every one rose from the table, and as the fat lady hurriedly passed to the privacy of her own apartments, she tartly remarked, "What money I pay for preaching, hereafter, will be expended for that heard in another district."

We should have then and there resolved to leave this infant terrible behind in our future journeyings, but sometime after, on a beautiful September afternoon, it chanced that little Freddie and I found ourselves comfortably seated at the table in the farmhouse of a wealthy citizen in another part of the town. The board was loaded with delicacies; a large company was present, and among the guests, Professor C — and his very buxom and high spirited wife.

During the latter part of the meal the conversation happened to turn upon judging of people's ages by their appearance, and one or two present hazarded guesses in that direction in regard to each other.

Freddie had been so much taken up with the goodies heaped upon his plate that he had remained as still as a mouse for some time, still his observing eye had not failed to notice the uncommon proportions of the professor's spouse, who, in spite of tight lacing, was a "sight to behold."

Suddenly dropping his knife and fork, during a temporary lull in the conversation, Freddie turned his twinkling eyes full upon the professor's wife, and inquired:

"How old are you, marm?"

"Guess, my little man," said the stout lady, smiling.

Every one stopped talking, and "silence reigned supreme."

"Well, I don't know," said Freddie slowly, "but judging from your size, you must be mor'n a hundred!"

Freddie don't ride out with me now. Our next neighbor has a cunning little toddler, less than three years old, named Millie. She was seated recently on the doorstep, holding up one of her kitties by the tail, and the tiny feline was crying sharply. "What can be the matter with Spotty," said Millie's mother anxiously, approaching the doorway. "Hush, kitty, hush," said baby in a low tone, "don't cry now, for mamma is coming!"

A red-headed boy named Ike, is often quoted by our grandchildren. He came to our door one day and said, as rapidly as he could speak, "My ma'am wants to know if your ma'am will lend my ma'am some of your ma'am's cowcubers."

Little children are often led astray by the association of ideas, and make some very funny remarks, as the following incident, to close with, shows:

Little Isabel's mother had injudiciously allowed the child to drink weak tea with her meals instead of milk. One day Isabel was taken out to lunch at a friend's house, and the friend, never dreaming that the child could drink anything other than milk, placed it before her in a broad, low, fancy cup. The child gazed at the milk in silence, and apparent astonishment for a while, and then completely surprised her hostess by remarking disdainfully:

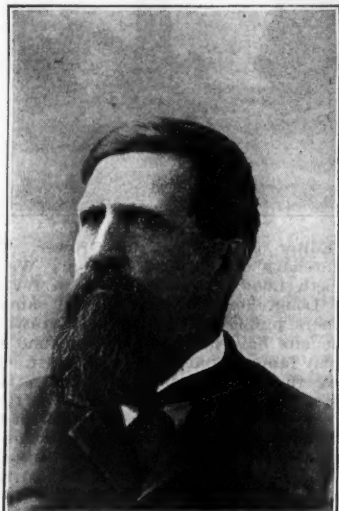
"I are no cat!"

Paul: Look auntie, here's a fadder (feather) out the little cat's tail.



# Fruit Helps

By Professor H. E. Van Deman.



PROF. H. E. VAN DEMAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

## NOTES OF MY LAST JOURNEY—AT POMELONA GROVE.

During the past few months I have had some remarkable experiences on the two farms in the south under my charge. There was almost no rain at "Pomelona," which is our fruit farm near Miami, Florida, from December to the middle of May. The land is sandy and underlaid with coralline rock, which in many places extends to the surface and has to be removed before plowing is practicable. This rock is of a very porous nature, and the roots of nearly all kinds of trees and plants are able to find their way into the crevices and even penetrate the rock itself. It is almost pure lime and the soil is charged with that element, and all fertilizers applied become available very quickly. The water of the Everglades, which great expanse immediately adjoins our farm, at its normal stage in springtime is less than eight feet below the surface of the tillable land of all that region and the rock acts like a great sponge in bringing water within reach of the roots that have found their way down a foot or more. It is remarkable how this inexhaustible water supply is thus made available by capillarity and sustains the growth of trees and plants during drouths. But our pomelo trees, (about 5,000 of them, and covering 60 acres of land), are all young and their roots have not had time to reach the depth that they will later. They are all budded on Rough lemon, which has the habit of rooting much deeper than most citrus trees, and is the proper stock for the pomelo, orange, kumquat and all other citrus trees planted on that soil. But it was a serious matter to keep our young trees growing for months without rain, and only the most thorough tillage would do it. This we did so far as was possible, but there was almost no surface moisture to dissolve the constantly needed fertilizers, and therefore the plant food was not made available, although within easy reach of the hungry roots. By digging down a few inches some moisture could be found, but this all came from below, or was the residue from rains of many weeks before that had been conserved by the thorough stirring of the surface.

As "Pomelona" is situated in the best of the pine-apple country I have planted several acres of this fruit, and as its roots are shallow they needed rain more than some other fruits. When we see the small size of the pineapples on the markets this summer it should be a matter of no wonder; for in the region in which they were grown in Florida, and the West Indies as well, there was not moisture enough to bring the fruit to its normal development. Since the rains came the whole aspect of vegetation has changed, and everything is growing rapidly. How dependent we are on the regularity of the processes of nature, and how thankful we should be that there are no more violent changes than these are.

Speaking of pineapples reminds me of the fact that very many do not know how they grow. The plants are rarely over three feet high and the leaves, which are long, narrow and usually armed on their edges with saw-like teeth and a sharp spine at the point, all come from near the base. A stem grows up from the center and bears the

fruit in springtime, usually, although there are nearly always some stray pineapples on every patch the year around. The plants are set from little shoots that grow about the base of the fruit and also from suckers that form near the ground. They bear the second year after planting and continue for several years to produce profitable crops, if well cared for. Pineapple culture is not difficult, but there must be no trifling the first year, when the plants are small, nor any lack of fertilizing the soil as long as the plants bear, which is usually about five years, or the fruit will be small and lacking in richness.

A matter of interest to all who like pineapples is the fact that we are, in due time, to have a great change in the quality of the fruit as it will appear in our markets. Some of the officials of the United States Department of Agriculture, Dr. H. J. Webber and W. T. Swingle, some years ago undertook to cross pollinate some of the best varieties of the pineapple and secure seeds from which they planted and produced new varieties that they hoped would greatly improve this fruit. And they succeeded, perhaps, better than they hoped. These new seedlings were all grown at the government experiment station at Miami, Fla. I have had the privilege of tasting and otherwise examining many of them. Of course the greater part were inferior or at least no improvement, but some of them are decidedly superior in several particulars. The ideal pineapple will have a plant that is vigorous, has spineless leaves, propagates readily, bears fruit of good size and shape and has attractive color when ripe, rich and sprightly flavor, tender flesh, little core and will endure shipment well. Some of the new varieties have many of these points well developed and a few of them have been named and distributed among the leading pineapple growers for testing in field culture. We have them at Pomelona and will have fruit from them next year. When these varieties get abundant enough to be sent to market I feel sure that some of them will supplant those now commonly sold, of which the Red Spanish is now by far the most popular. There are red, yellow and bronzy colored kinds, with tender flesh, almost no core and the most delicious flavor. They are as much better than those now commonly sold as a Grimes apple is better than a Ben Davis. May you all taste them some day and receive a new pineapple inspiration!

Concluded next month.

## Answers to Inquiries.

**Strawberries.**—How many years should strawberry beds be allowed to remain and bear fruit?—J. G., of N. Y.

Reply: That depends much on the special conditions. If the soil is rich, and there is not much growing among the strawberries in the way of weeds, grass, etc., it may do to allow the old beds to remain for three years or even more. Usually it is not well to let a strawberry patch bear more than two crops, for the old plants become feeble and the treatment that is necessary to cause new ones to take their places in the old rows is very expensive in time and patience. It is often better and easier to grow new rows on clean ground than worry and work with old ones, and the plants will be more thrifty and bear better crops. There must not be too much hand work in a strawberry field if the net returns are to be very profitable. The work of keeping the rows clean should be done largely by horse power, and this cannot be done nearly so well in old rows as in newly planted ones. Some of the best strawberry growers do not allow the plants to bear but one crop, but plow them under as soon as the first one is gathered. They have a new patch coming on to replace the old one.

In some cases, and with some varieties the second crop is better than the first one, but if the plants were strong, set early in the spring of the previous year and well cared for during the growing season there will be strong and vigorous rows that ought to bear the best crop that will ever grow on them. The second year the berries will usually be smaller, even with good culture, although this is not always true. Conditions must be the guide as to leaving a strawberry field to bear the third crop or not.

**Berries.**—How many crops of fruit may be grown on blackberry and raspberry bushes before they should be dug up and removed?—E. H. G., of Pa.

Reply: With good care there is no need of digging out bushes of the blackberry and raspberry before they have produced at least five crops. I have had them bear profitably for ten years or more without replanting, but this is not common. Diseases of several kinds are apt to attack the plants, either above ground or on the roots and any trouble

of this kind will weaken the plants if not kill them, and it is better to dig them out and burn them and grow a new patch elsewhere than to endure a weakly and only partially productive one. It rarely pays to grow half a crop of anything and berries are usually so easily grown that there is little reason for not having them at their best.

**Pecans and Cotton.**—I am asked by a correspondent in the north about the prospects for the pecan crop this year and also about the cotton crop.

Reply: Last year the pecan crop was light in nearly all parts of the South, especially in Texas, where the larger part of this valuable nut is grown, but this year the prospect is good in most places and we expect a far crop of pecans. Texas has more native pecan trees than all the other states put together, therefore produces the bulk of the crop, but the planting of pecan orchards in other parts of the south, notably Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia and Florida is fast increasing and will soon change the center of pecan production. The trees being planted are of superior varieties and the size and quality of the pecans of the future will be far better, and they will be far more dependable in bearing.

The cotton crop is sure to be short this year and prices will rule higher than for years past. I have only recently left our plantation in Louisiana, for the summer, and our 600 acres of young pecan orchard is growing well and the 700 acres of cotton is very late and cannot make a full crop. The very rainy and hot weather of April and May all over the cotton growing states very seriously injured the prospects.

**Boom in South.**—Are the southern states having a boom in fruit culture and general improvement? Does the manufacturing interest there help the fruit grower?—John B., of Ohio.

Reply: There is a general improvement in conditions in the southern part of our country. There are several reasons for this, among which are the great natural advantages there, such as abundance of minerals, timber, good soil and delightful climate, all of which have not been appreciated and developed as they deserved. Many northern people with capital and energy are going there to engage in all kinds of pursuits, and among them manufacturing. This gives a home market for large quantities of fruits, garden vegetables, meats, etc., and that makes it more profitable to grow them than merely for shipment north. There are plenty of opportunities for growing and shipping north, but there is more risk and expense connected with this than with selling near the place of production. This is especially true in cases where the individual or small grower wishes to dispose of any surplus that he may have.

It is not to be wondered at that thousands of people in the colder regions of the north want to get away from the severity of the winters, and especially if they are in feeble health. Many of them can live much longer, although separated from their old houses and friends, and grow many things to far better advantage than anywhere in the north, and others not so well. Horticulture in the south is very interesting and very profitable when wisely practiced. Some people do very well by going south and managing farms in winter, and come north to their old homes in the summer.

**Iron Filings.**—Is there any beneficial influence from using iron or steel filings for fruit trees?—G. C. D., Colorado.

Reply: No, not except in very rare cases. There is usually all the iron in the soil that plants and trees need for their growth, and any excess of iron that is put into it will simply be that much expense for nothing. If the soil was really deficient in iron it would be of some value, but there is scarcely to be found such a soil. It surely will be of no advantage, as some inadvisedly think, or a preventive of tree blight of any kind, nor does it have any curative powers.

**Walnuts.**—Can the nut usually called the English walnut be grown in the eastern states with success? How about the Japanese and Manchurian walnuts?—A. W. H., of N. Y.

Reply: These are questions that are in the minds of many, judging from the inquiries on the subject, and they are sensible questions, too. There have been experiments made with the species that came to us from Europe, and which has been called the English walnut, because it may have first been brought from England, but the proper name is Persian walnut. The many attempts at its culture in the regions this side the Rocky

Mountains have mostly been unfavorable. The trees have usually been planted almost singly, and as the flowers of the two sexes (they being separate), do not often come to perfection at the same time the young nuts fail to set and grow. If a number of trees stood near each other they would probably all be productive.

If the varieties were propagated by grafting or budding that are known to be self-fertile there would be almost no cause for complaint of poor bearing. The lack of hardiness of the tree is another objection to its culture in the regions of severe cold and extreme changeableness; for either of these causes will be almost sure to be followed by failure. But there are a few varieties that are proving both hardy and productive in the eastern states as far north as the Great Lakes, and they will be propagated and sold in due time. They ought to be grown on native black walnut or butternut stocks. In the Gulf states there are diseases of the root on the Persian stocks, and this may be overcome by grafting on these stocks or on the native walnut of Texas, *Juglans rupestris*, which seem to suit it well.

The Japanese and Manchurian walnuts make fine trees, but the nuts have shells that are too thick to make them valuable for market.

*H. E. Van Deman.*

## Prof. Van Deman Invited to Judge Fruit at the Jamestown Exposition.

Prof. H. E. Van Deman, our Associate Editor, has recently been honored by an invitation to judge the fruit exhibits at Jamestown. I have not heard that the professor has accepted this honor, but assume that he will do so, for this is directly in his line of work.

Prof. Van Deman had charge of the pomological exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, at the World's Fair at Portland, Oregon, and has acted in this capacity at many other exhibitions.

For many years he occupied the position of U. S. Pomologist at Washington, D. C., for which he was well qualified, and where he did good service and satisfaction to those who worked with him, and to those who were benefited. It is doubtful if there is any man in the country better informed or better qualified to judge fruits than Prof. Van Deman.

Readers of Green's Fruit Grower often express their appreciation of the work which Professor Van Deman is doing for Green's Fruit Grower.

American Pomological Society.—The American Pomological Society will hold its thirtieth biennial meeting on September 25 and 26, 1907, on the grounds of the Jamestown Exposition Company.

## TAKE A RECORD

See How Many Friends Are Hurt by Coffee.

It would be just as reasonable for a temperance advocate to drink a little diluted whisky as to drink coffee, for one is as truly an intoxicant as the other, and persistence in the use of coffee brings on a variety of chronic diseases, notorious among which are dyspepsia, heart palpitation (ultimately heart failure), frequently constipation, kidney troubles, many cases of weak eyes and trembling condition of the nerves.

These are only a few of the great variety of diseases which come from an unbalanced nervous system, caused by the persistent daily use of the drug, caffeine, which is the active principle of coffee. Another bit of prima facie evidence about coffee is that the victims to the habit find great difficulty in giving it up.

They will solemnly pledge to themselves day after day that they will abandon the use of it when they know that it is shortening their days, but morning after morning they fail, until they grow to despise themselves for their lack of self control.

Any one interested in this subject would be greatly surprised to make a systematic inquiry among prominent brain workers. There are hundreds of thousands of our most prominent people who have abandoned coffee altogether and are using Postum Food Coffee in its place, and for the most excellent reasons in the world. Many of them testify that ill health, nervous prostration, and consequent inability to work, has in times past, pushed them back and out of their proper standing in life, which they have been able to regain by the use of good health, strong nerves, and great vitality, since coffee has been thrown out and Postum put in its place. "There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs., it has been called "a health classic," by some physicians.



# Fruit Farm Stories

## STRAWBERRIES AND BALLOONS.

### Our Fourth of July.

Written for Green's Fruit Grower.

My dear friend:—We are spending the summer on Green's fruit farm. Everything here is delightful. We left Rochester nearly a week ago. The stillness almost gave us pain on the start, but now we enjoy it and are resting every hour.

We have brought with us the children, the Teddy bear, the cow, the dog, the cat, and the old hen with her thirteen chickens. There is a large field of strawberries nearby and we are helping ourselves to this toothsome fruit. We enjoy sitting on our cool porch watching the hundred or more girls, boys men and women picking strawberries.

There is a little rough board shanty in the field; at the front side of this shanty is a wide board counter on which the trays of strawberries are placed by the pickers. There is a man in charge who gives tickets to each picker as the boxes of berries are brought in. If the boxes are not filled full or if there are leaves, grass or other refuse in the boxes or green berries, each picker is called to account. The man in the shanty has time to pack the strawberries in bushel crates. Just before the noon hour and just before 6 o'clock spring wagons, covered over with canvas, drive around to carry these crates of fruit to the cool packing house for the night. The next morning, sometimes as early as 2 or 3 o'clock, a two-horse team carries these crates of berries from twelve to twenty-five miles to the villages where they are sold.

Roses, weigelas and lillies are blossoming on every side. In front of the house are big fields of wheat, oats, barley, corn, wide stretches of meadow and in the distance is a piece of woodland. The birds sing here all day and part of the night. I must not forget to mention the old cobble stone farm house in which we are living, which was built sixty years ago. The walls are nearly two feet thick.

But my object in writing is to invite you, your wife and children to spend the Fourth of July with us. We will serve dinner at 12 o'clock in order to be ready for the callithumpian parade which is to be made through the streets of the little village nearby at 2 o'clock.

Yours truly, Julia.

The Fourth of July in a large city is not an interesting day for many city people. The day and night preceding are made hideous by frightful explosions; even those who enjoy good health are disturbed, while sick people shiver and shake at every explosion. Rural people often go to the city on the Fourth of July, but city people are glad to get out into the open country on that day.

It was therefore with pleasure that we accepted the invitation of our friend to spend a portion of the Fourth of July at her country home. At 10 o'clock we started on our journey in the gasoline automobile, and were soon bounding over smooth roads where fields of grain and meadows nodded on every side, where cattle and sheep grazed peacefully in the pastures, and woodlands smiled upon us from afar on every side.

How beautiful is the country on the Fourth of July and yet farmers are ever complaining, fearful that there will be no harvest. This year, owing to the lateness of spring, there has been greater apprehension than ordinary, and rural people had about given up in despair of having suitable weather for planting, or for ripening wheat, oats, corn, potatoes, beans and other crops, but here they are as usual giving evidence of an abundance. How true is that promise of the Bible that "Seed time and harvest shall never fail." What an appetite we had on arriving at the old cobble-stone house, where our neighbor in the city was spending her summer vacation.

While waiting for dinner we roved over the garden and berry fields, among the flowers, and even wandered into the great barns, peering into the bins and great caverns where hay, straw and grain are stored, and into dark cellars beneath.

And yet it is not quite dinner time, therefore to amuse the children we fired off the big and little fire crackers and torpedoes, and finally one of the larger boys brought out a big paper, hot air balloon, standing five feet high, covered with broad white and red stripes which gave it the appearance of our national flag. This balloon was held upright by one of our party while another lit the fire beneath, a tin box having

been filled with excelsior soaked in tallow for that purpose. How the children shouted when this balloon rose gracefully over the bushes and over the tree tops and was wafted away out into the open country. We watched it in its graceful movements until it disappeared.

Then came dinner. Spring chicken, fresh green peas just gathered from the garden, home-made brown bread, fragrant country butter, purchased of a nearby neighbor, and lastly were offered big dishes of strawberries, each as large as a hen's egg.

How much work is saved the housewife by having an abundance of strawberries. Instead of being compelled to make pies or puddings, all our hostess had to do was to prepare for each a dish of strawberries and what dessert could have been more delightful.

Then the big automobile was loaded with a portion of our party and dispatched to the village, to return again and again for other loads, until all were placed in a position, two miles distant, where the events of the day could be seen.

The callithumpian parade was announced to take place at two o'clock, but who ever knew of a human event of this kind where all were on time promptly? How natural it is for most mortals to be behind time. At half-past two straggling features of the parade came in from different directions, seeming to care but little that a hundred others should be waiting in the boiling sun for their arrival. Therefore it was nearly three o'clock before the first notes of the bugle could be heard in the distance announcing the starting of the great event. Soon a big cloud of dust also announced the approach of the parade, and in a few moments the bugler was near at hand, and following him was the greatest assortment of curiosities ever witnessed in this little village.

There were hook and ladder companies, facetiously so called, made up of long ladders mounted on four wheels far apart over which was hung a big bell which was continually rung; there was a big platform on wheels filled with wild Indians, and other similarly decorated wagons occupied by beautiful girls clad in white, singing patriotic songs. There were elephants, giraffes, bears and many other queer and strange turnouts. There were carriages, two-horse carts, and other forms of vehicles decorated with flowers, evergreens and climbing vines.

In the procession was what appeared to be a woman nine feet tall, several donkeys hitched to carts, a Shetland pony no larger than a dog hitched to a toy wagon, many ancient two-wheeled carts drawn by ponies and driven by men wearing masked faces. There were two men with blacked faces to represent colored men riding in a two-wheeled cart with a camping outfit hung underneath. One of the passengers represented a colored woman and she played an accordion. There were three marshals on horseback each of whom stopped at the judge's stand to get orders as the procession passed by. There were three clowns who performed comical stunts, tumbling about in the dusty roadway, perspiring under the hot sunshine, but giving great amusement to the young people.

Altogether the procession was nearly one-fourth mile long. It passed by a staging on which stood the judges who were to award numerous prizes. The procession passed up and down the principal streets and finally disbanded, after which ice cream and cake was served on the village green, in fact the whole performance was planned by the village church with the hope that revenue might thus be secured for needed church improvements.

When the day was nearly spent there dashed into the village a man on horseback, shouting something that I could not understand. But the villagers understood, and in a moment, fifty men who but a few moments before were part of the parade, jumped into wagons and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

"What is the trouble?" I asked. "A farmer's barns are on fire," was the reply.

Then there were games of baseball, and more rides in the automobiles, and then as the sun was sinking in the West, our party were all loaded in, and later on came another delightful ride back to our city home.

### I Smell Something Burning.

Farmer Jones was seated with his wife

and a few invited friends on the wide porch of another farm house, talking of the crops, and predicting a failure of the pretentious parade which was advertised to take place July 4th. In the village nearby, when a well-dressed man drove up to the gate, walked toward the piazza and saluted farmer Jones familiarly. He seated himself upon the piazza, entered into the conversation freely, and finally asked:

"Are your buildings insured, Mr. Jones?"

"No, I don't take any stock in insurance."

"Don't you know there is danger of fire every day in the year and especially on the Fourth of July?"

"No I don't. If I had a lot of children here to fire off crackers and rockets I might think there was some danger, but as my children are all married and keeping house for themselves, I don't see any particular danger to my buildings on the Fourth of July."

"But insurance is considered a wise protection by the best business men."

"Yes I know there are lots of people fooling away money on insurance, but I guess I can afford to insure myself."

Anyway I have taken my chances for a good many years and have never had a fire yet. But what brings you out here on the Fourth of July soliciting insurance?"

"I came down partly to see the parade in the village."

"Bosh on the parade! It won't amount to shucks."

"Well, I thought I could see some of my old patrons here and this is why I happened to call upon you as I do today."

"Well you can't do any business with me."

Then the insurance man took his departure.

"What was that, Jones? It looked like a big flag coming right down in our barnyard."

"I didn't see anything," replied farmer Jones, "there is nothing burning around here. What do you think of John D. Rockefeller trying to evade the serving of a summons to appear in a lawsuit?"

"Well, it don't seem quite right for any man to act like that."

"There is something burning! There, did you see that smoke?"

Farmer Jones did see smoke and let out a shriek as he saw the straw stack all afire. A mad rush was made for the barn when they saw that everything was in flames. The horses in the stable were let loose, the carriages were run out, but no attempt was made to check the flames which were fast consuming the dry material and licking up the side and roof of the barns. Everything but the house was destroyed. Later it was discovered that the apparently innocent fire balloon which was sent aloft at the farm house two miles away had fallen upon the straw stack of farmer Jones with such disastrous results. And there was no insurance.

Yes, we are sorry, and must help the farmer with his misfortune. Hot air balloons cannot be sent up with absolute safety in city or country. On arriving home we learned that several houses in the city had been set on fire by the falling of these balloons upon the roofs.

### Short Sermons.

A wise man never boasts of his wisdom. He wouldn't be wise if he did.

Wireless telegrams come under the head of disconnected sentences.

No body of religious truth is complete without the religion of the body.

Life always is a dull grind to the man who thinks only of his own grist.

It takes the base line of two worlds to get a correct elevation on any life.

The poorest way in the world to get a light heart is to throw your load on others.

You go forward to no prize without leaving behind many things that seem desirable.

There is a good deal of apparent poverty that needs your time more than your dime.

The man who is hunting for a martyr's crown never has head enough to hold one up.

You are not likely to cheer the hearts of others by looking down in the mouth yourself.

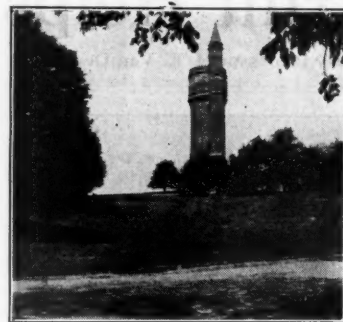
Your home in heaven may depend on what you are doing to make your home heavenly.

The most heavenly pictures seen on earth are men and women doing common loving kindnesses.—Chicago Tribune.

Daddy—Bobby, wouldn't you like to see your little sister the stork brought last night?

Bobby—I'd sooner see the stork, daddy.—"The Tatler."

### What's Become of a Famous Vineyard.



Editor of Green's Fruit Grower: The centenary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has caused a revival of Longfellow traditions and among others, public interest has been drawn to the site of what was at one time the most famous vineyard in the west. Today there is a double interest in this, since the vineyard was the property of Nicholas Longworth, Sr., ancestor of the President's son-in-law. It was owing to the gift of some Catawba wine from this vineyard that Longfellow penned the famous poem of eleven stanzas, entitled "Catawba Wine," containing the following verse, the lines of which are so often quoted:

"And this song of the vine,  
This greeting of mine,  
The winds and the birds shall deliver  
To the Queen of the West,  
In her garlands dressed,  
On the banks of the beautiful river."

The photo shows what remains today of the old vineyard. Eden Park, Cincinnati's largest breathing place, has been made to cover the site of the labors of the early pioneer Longworth, the first of the family.—Felix J. Koch.

### Helpful Words.

Written for Green's Fruit Grower.

I wish I might say something to help bring about the sweet simple home life of our nation. There is so much of unrest and grasping after vanities aside from the necessary struggle for bread. There are such a variety of homes and people, but how good to know that we may each have the same blessed Saviour in palace or cottage, in city or country.

I was reared in the country and most of my life has been spent near to nature, but I have also lived in the city, very near the heart of the great working world, where I learned to walk alone with God and develop character—so I feel that much can be said for both places, but to my mind the suburban life is the ideal one. As we cannot all choose our abiding places at will let us not all be discontent where God has placed us; when we find ourselves getting weary of home, let us go somewhere if we can if only for a day. In the city are the lovely parks bidding the weary ones nearer to nature, to rest, and those like myself who live near the woodland with very few neighbors can often find time to go as we are, out into the lovely woods—God's first temples.

We have a place in ours where there is quite a clear spot sheltered by what my little boy and I call a canyon.

One Sabbath morning last fall I was feeling quite despondent and I walked out there (a distance of half a mile perhaps,) before breakfast, longing for some uplifting influence, and as I came near a ledge that projects out from the top enough so it might have sheltered Indians sometime I saw a little barberry bush growing so near that it looked as if the great rock might easily crush it, but there it was bearing its fruit with no thought of fear. "Ah!" thought my soul, there is a lesson for you. God sees the burdens pressing but He will never let them crush you if you grow toward the light bearing fruit in His name. And so I often learn sweet lessons from nature teaching me the simple life.—F. A. D.

"How beautiful, O God, must be Thy thought which is revealed in part by all these harmonies of use and show, in leaf and flower and fruit, in wing of bird and grace of leaping beast, the drifting snow-white cloud, the glow of dawn, the sunset splendor and the bright, innumerable company of the stars. I thank thee for a soul responsive to Thy thought in all these beauties and adjustments of Thy work and for the sense of higher beauty in the realm of conscious life with Thee. Let me not in the midst of these wonders of Thy world, ally myself with evil which Thou lovest not and I in better moments scorn and hate. May the beauty of Thy holiness delight and allure me ever more and more. In the name of Christ, most beautiful of life, who gave Himself to win me to Thy love."—From "American Motherhood."



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## Historical Event at Green's Fruit Farm 30 Years Ago.

When the editor of Green's Fruit Grower moved on to what has since become Green's Fruit Farm, his main source of revenue the first winter was through securing men to cut down cedar trees and split them into fence posts, rails and stakes, which were sold to neighboring farmers. This fencing material, our editor drew out of the swamp personally with the help of a steady old horse, blind in one eye.

The swamp was boggy and both man and beast were likely to sink in the muck and mire in places, therefore the narrow roadway had to be reinforced with cedar boughs.

A neighbor has recently called our attention to this early history by the following letter:

C. A. Green, Dear Sir: About thirty years ago I took a contract to clear up a cedar swamp of down timber on what is now a part of Green's fruit farm, and "thereby hangs a tale" of the adventures of a pioneer in that (at that time) land of Canada thistles and grasshoppers. While we were busy imitating Uncle Abe in his rail splitting stunt there suddenly appeared coming through the woods an apparition of a bony, one-eyed horse drawing a crotch through the snow that was about three feet deep, said horse being guided mostly by instinct and shouting, the shouting being emitted by an energetic nervous looking city man turned farmer, even more attenuated than the horse, whose city habiliments were surmounted by a peaked fur cap that I think must have been the original Robinson Crusoe's famous cap.

The outfit one might have imagined bound for a phosphate factory, was after a load of newly split cedar fence rails. The director of the caravan carefully hitched his horse to a sapling and proceeded to load up, which having done he commenced to "hitch up." I forgot to say that he had unhitched his motor while loading his cargo. The hitching up process consisted of hooking two tugs to the whiffletree, one of which being hooked, the horse evidently thought of the oats at home and started after them. Only one tug being hooked, and the hook at that end being loose it left the whiffletree, and the motor and load were separated as it were. Under this new pressure the driver in a passion grasped a stick with which to chastise the horse. The horse dodged and the intended blow cleaved the air only. The autoist apparently counted ten and then said "I'll get a 'gad,'" and proceeded to do so, but with a dull axe. When he struck with the axe he dislocated the bark only on one side of the sprout which rebounded from the dull axe and struck the operator in the eye. I was intently watching the dramatic posture of the amateur, who, noting that fact, said in a somewhat subdued, injured tone, "I tell you, W—, I have come nearer being killed since I have been on a farm than I ever was before."

To make this historic sketch more complete, I might add that as the curtain fell "Rosinante" was trying apparently to get away from his load and the

rest of his time was kept busy, having only one eye working, dodging stumps and the "gad" while the driver was rocking in rhythm to the uneven track in the woods.

This for "Auld Lang Syne." Do you recognize any part of this picture of the "strenuous life" in your history?—J. Wickens.

### He Was Sorry for Mr. Green.

Neighbor—You have been visiting Green's Fruit Farm, have you not?

Vice-President—Yes, I am the vice-president. Myself and family will stay at the farm during the summer.

Neighbor—When Mr. Green twenty-seven years ago moved onto that run-down farm, located way back off the main road, behind the timber lands, all of us neighbors on every side were sorry for him and his young city wife. We knew for a certainty that these city people would never be satisfied to stay long on that farm.

Vice-President—That is true. I am told that some of the neighbors in those early days gave Mr. Green six months to stay upon the farm. Some of the neighbors said that when the frogs in the swamp began to peep, and the mosquitoes appeared the Green family would retreat to the city.

Neighbor—You see the farm had been leased for many years, to different tenants each of which robbed it of a portion of its fertility, allowing the farm fences and buildings to run down so that at the time Mr. Green moved on to

reading and thinking about another world, that is about a world of play, as it appears to them. The home buildings of the farmer's boy are substantial, but the circus people are in a tent brilliantly lighted, filled with throngs of delighted spectators, and the performers, dressed in tights and tinsel, are performing about the ring to the time and music of a big brass band.

In other words the change to the farmer's boy from the farm to the circus is like a leap from the barnyard to fairyland. That is, this is the way it appears to the farmer boys.

But I have seen enough of the circus and circus life to know that there is far more drudgery in connection with it, harder work and more privation, than there is in working on the farm. The farmer boy sees the bright side of circus life. If he could be one of a party to pull up the stakes of the tent on a dark, rainy night, and pack the wagon with seats or other paraphernalia and start off in the darkness, over muddy roads after midnight, and drive until morning without a wink of sleep, and be cursed and sworn at many times during his labor, he would get some idea of the practical side of circus life.

But one gets a good opportunity to study human nature in connection with the circus. Many queer incidents occur on the circus grounds. I remember once of seeing a big half drunken bully marching about as though he owned the entire country. He would approach an inoffensive stranger, catch the brim of



At the right of the above photograph is a solid rock, a fragment of a rocky mountain such as are frequently seen in the Adirondacks where this photograph was taken. This view was taken not far from the Cascade Lakes Hotel, Cascade Post Office, Essex Co., N. Y., where the editor of Green's Fruit Grower spends a portion of each summer.

it was in a deplorable condition, such as would make anyone homesick to stay on it over night.

Vice-President—Nevertheless Mr. Green and his wife spent fifteen of the happiest years of their life on that farm, and Mrs. Green shed tears when she was obliged to leave the farm later on for the city. My wife is Mr. Green's eldest daughter. She and her children think there is no place on earth so attractive as this fruit farm.

Neighbor—In those days that farm which Mr. Green bought was considered to be out of the world, but now it is the center of all activity in this locality. More business is being done there than in any other part of the township. The farm is now unsurpassed in fertility. Many new houses have been built there, and large packing houses, until it looks like a village.

### My Experience With a Circus.

Written for Green's Fruit Grower by an Old Circus Man.

I began work with a circus when 17 years old. I started at the lemonade and cake table. The man who employed me had many ways of making money at the circus, having purchased his privileges. He was an auctioneer and sold whips and many other articles at auction.

One day I said to this man, "I have heard you auction off your goods so many times I believe I could do that work myself."

"Well," he replied, "try it." So that afternoon I began as auctioneer and succeeded so well that my proprietor was induced to keep me at that work for a full year.

I remember how attractive to me, a farmer's boy, was the circus. Boys on the farm are dealing with practical things, such as cows, horses, hogs and poultry, plows, cultivators, weeding, hoeing and carrying wood. When they read and think about the circus they are

his hat firmly in his hand and jerk it down over the face of the stranger in an insulting manner. After seeing him repeat this offense many times I said to a friend of mine, a little fellow, by the way, "That bulldozer ought to be called down." My little friend seemed to think as I did. He got down from the wagon on which he was seated and walked about innocently. Soon the big loafer approached him, caught the brim of his hat and jerked it down over his face as he had done with the others, but no sooner had the jerking been commenced than my little friend hit out with his long arms and hard fists and knocked the big loafer to the ground.

"Get up you big bluff," he cried, "and I will knock you down again!" The big man did get up, after a time, but moved away utterly humiliated.

There was a man connected with the show who had a very red nose and face. Some one asked him if his red nose was caused by drinking whisky. "No," he replied, "that is due to my drinking red circus lemonade."

As a child on the farm I remember one day, fifty years ago, hearing the music of a brass band at the village a mile away. I was wondering at this strange event when soon I saw on the roadway along the opposite hilltop the long procession of a circus, or menagerie as they were called. In those days circuses were moved about the country entirely by horses and not by railroads as nowadays. It is doubtful if you can imagine the feelings which took possession of my childish heart on seeing, as it seemed to me, this marvelous and strange apparition.

When attending school at the seminary some miles from my farm home, a big circus or menagerie entered the town. Thousands of the students gathered along the sidewalks to see the parade. The teachers of the school held a council to decide whether they would allow the students to attend the circus, and finally decided wisely to allow them to do so.



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If ordered at once, Green's apple peeler, corer and slicer with the Home Evaporator, all for \$5.50.

Send for circulars describing larger Evaporators, Peers, etc.

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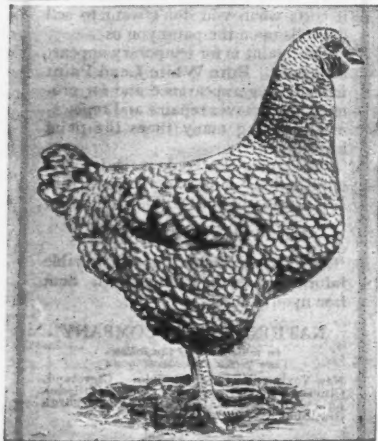
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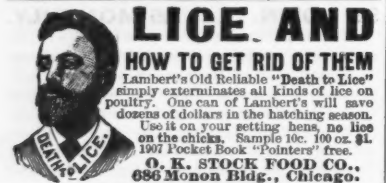
So long as our supply holds out, we offer this year's breeders hens and cocks from our best breeding pens, Barred Plymouth Rocks, White Wyandottes, and S. C. Brown Leghorns at bargain prices. These hens are not over one or two years old and are superior birds in every respect. Price of Hens \$2.00 each; Cocks \$3.00 each.

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No. 28.—Whitewash your poultry houses and stables rapidly. Kills lice. Spraying trees kills San Jose Scale. Double action pump. Sprays 30 ft. high. Brass extension rod, brass nozzle, ball valve. All brass. Use it on your setting hens, no lice on the chicks. Sample 10c. 100 oz. \$1. 1907 Pocket Book "Pointers" free. O. K. STOCK FOOD CO., 686 Monon Bldg., Chicago.



### LICE AND

HOW TO GET RID OF THEM  
Lambert's Old Reliable "Death to Lice" simply exterminates all kinds of lice on poultry. One can of Lambert's will save dozens of dollars in the hatching season. Use it on your setting hens, no lice on the chicks. Sample 10c. 100 oz. \$1. 1907 Pocket Book "Pointers" free. O. K. STOCK FOOD CO., 686 Monon Bldg., Chicago.

### TOOLS FOR CAPONIZING FOWLS

FOR SALE, with full instructions for their use. Address,

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Use only Floor-Shine Enamel Colors, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Walnut, or Transparent. Booklet Color Card and List of Dealers free, or send 10c. (to pay postage) and receive trial can by mail, enough for chair or table, etc.

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If you are looking for a better location we will give you reliable information about any locality—price of land, crops best suited to it, in fact any information you want before locating. We have no land to sell and will give disinterested information to any one seeking a better location. MISSOURI PACIFIC IMMIGRATION BUREAU, 1709 Missouri Pacific Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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The most jolly, sociable and interesting of all home pets, and our **PAGE PARROTS** have been for years considered the best of all. They are from a certain district of Central Mexico, and are bright, vivacious and learn quickly to almost perfectly imitate the human voice. Each bird personally selected and fully guaranteed. Worth \$20.00; but on orders received before September 1st will furnish for **ONLY \$9.50 EACH** including shipping case and food for journey. Fine large cage, \$3.00. Nice young parrots of a cheaper kind but guaranteed talkers, \$3.50 each. Good cage, \$1.50. Page's complete book on Parrots, showing leading varieties in natural colors, 25 cents. Illustrated catalogue of Parrots, Imported German Canaries, Gold Fish, etc. **FREE**, if you mention this paper. **IOWA BIRD COMPANY, Des Moines, Ia.**



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Adirondack Mountains, near Lake Placid. Best water, scenery and fishing.

Rate, \$14 to \$20 weekly.

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### POULTRY DEPARTMENT

#### The Incubated Chick.

I'm not a little orphan, sir,  
But I am just as sad,  
A-peakin' and a-pinin' for  
The love I never had—  
One touch of human sympathy  
Would melt my poultry nature  
But I refrain from hope so vain,  
For ma's an incubator!



When first I burst my parent shell,  
How hideous the dream—  
No "cluck, cluck" fond love to tell;  
No sound, alas, but—steam!  
I felt in vain for sheltering wings  
Within that brooding crater.  
And then, in sooth, the horrid truth—  
Ma was an incubator!

#### The Hen of Many Eggs.

Follow a method of selection from year to year, using only as breeders the pullets hatched from eggs from the best layers of the previous years. Use only males from the highest egg record hen of the flock, remembering that the male is one-fifth of your flock so far as building up the utility qualities are concerned. If this system of breeding is carefully followed a very profitable laying strain can be built up in a very short time. The great record strains of the country have been built up just this way, and not because they were naturally any better than what you have.

The Maine station reported experiments as follows: In 1898 they began with 140 pullets and 32 trap nests. They began November 1. In one year from date the record showed that the 140 birds had averaged 120 eggs. Twenty-four laid over 160 eggs, 22 fewer than 100 eggs. In the following year, for special breeding purposes, only females having a record from 160 to 200 eggs were used, and number 101 and number 206 were mated with a finely-bred cockerel, from which mating cockerels were selected for future breeding.

The result of the year 1899 mating showed pullets making a record from 208 to 237 eggs. This method was followed until in the year 1902 a record was reached of 240 eggs, and in 1903 they made an average of 150 eggs each for the whole flock tested. Thus in five years an increase of thirty eggs per hen was reached.

#### The Vitality of Eggs.

In early June in '53 in the Sierra Nevada mountains, California, the writer found a quail's nest with twelve eggs on which the old one was setting. Her capture seemed so easy that an attempt was made by a figure four inside a bag net which was sprung, but the bird escaped. I made another trial with the same result, with eggs scattered and nest torn in pieces. I repaired damages as best I could, but to my consternation the nest was forsaken and the eggs laid there for ten cold nights without cover of any kind, and to my surprise at the end of that time I found the bird on the nest again. I thought to leave her alone to find out if wild fowl were as foolish as domesticated ones, which I did, and to my great joy, in just two weeks from that time, one cold morning, I found the old one going away with the entire brood, every egg having hatched.—K. H. Keeny.

#### He Was Sure of Fresh Eggs.

There is a German dairyman and farmer, whose place is not far from Philadelphia, who greatly plumes himself upon the absolute superiority of his products above all others in the vicinity.

On one occasion he personally applied to a Germantown housekeeper for a transfer of her custom to himself. "I hears dot you half a lot of drouble wit dot dairyman of yours," he said. "Yust you gif me your gustom and dere vill be no drouble!"

"Are your eggs always fresh?" asked the woman.

"Fresh!" repeated the German, in an indignant tone. "Let me dell you, madam, dot my hens nefer, nefer lay anything but fresh eggs!"—Harper's Weekly.

"The opinions of men are as many and as different as their persons; the greatest diligence and most prudent conduct can never please them all."—Thomas A. Kempis.

Teacher—Tommy, spell "through."

Tommy—Shall I spell it according to precedent or President?

#### A Mistaken Idea.

The color of eggs does not determine any degree of nutritious value, and the idea that it did, probably, was derived from the fact of the English demand for brown-shelled eggs. France ships many eggs to England and to cater to the English fancy dips many eggs in a coffee solution in order to make a white-shelled egg come up to the fancy. The U. S. Department of Agriculture at Washington issued a bulletin, giving information as follows:

"There is no constant relation between the color of the shell and the composition of the egg, although there is a popular belief in some localities that the dark-shelled eggs are 'richer.' That there are no differences in the physical properties and chemical composition between brown-shelled and white-shelled eggs was shown by investigations carried on at the California and Michigan experiment stations, this work having been summarized in earlier publications of the Department.

"The color of the shell has, however, an effect upon the market value, the brown-shelled eggs bringing the higher price, for instance, in the Boston market, and the white-shelled eggs in the New York market. In New England the preference is decidedly in favor of the tinted eggs.

#### What Two Hens Have Done.

Last October a member of the Ocala Star staff bought two "pullets" at 40 cents each. Before their turn came to be killed, both began laying and their lives were spared and both have laid each day since, laying 300 or twenty-five dozen eggs. This seems unreasonable, but it is a fact. The eggs are worth 30 cents a dozen and part of the time were higher, giving a net earning for the two hens of \$7.50 in six months. They were fed entirely from scraps from the kitchen so cost nothing for feed and today are still laying every day and are worth 75 cents each instead of 40 cents, which was the price originally paid for them.

#### Remedy for Gapes.

Dissolve one pound of copperas in two gallons of water (soft water). When cold add an ounce of sulphuric acid. Thoroughly mix.

Give a teaspoonful daily to the fowls in every quart of drinking water; do not let them have access to any other water supply.

Note—If the ground has become infested with the gape worm from years of constant occupancy, sprinkle the ground thoroughly with water containing one tablespoon of sulphuric acid to the gallon. Spade up the ground and sow it to wheat, rye or oats.

#### Hen Takes Care of 43 Chicks.

Jacob Deckard, of Middletown, has a speckled hen that takes care of forty-three young chicks. A few days ago Mr. and Mrs. Deckard put the chicks in a yard where the hen was and she has had charge of them since.

During the recent cold nights the old hen found she had more chickens than she could cover and a White Wyandotte rooster kindly took a lot of them under his protection.

#### The Male of the Flock.

First, let me say something in regard to the importance of having a good male bird to head your flock. Most of our coming season's success depends upon him. If you do not possess a good bird, don't think it is too late to correct your error, but send to some good, reliable breeder for a first-class bird, and one that is fit to head any comparatively good pen of females.

Couldn't Fetch Him.—An English newspaper man, who recently got a job as a reporter here, was told to go to Lakewood and interview John D. Rockefeller. The assignment was a hard one and the Englishman came back without his story.

"Did you do everything you could to reach him?" asked the city editor.

"I jolly well did," answered the Englishman. "The servants wouldn't allow me to approach him, y' know, so I hid myself in the shrubbery and made a noise like a dividend, but even then he wouldn't come out."—New York "Sun."

A New York college professor has recently given the farmers of the country the following advice: Raise the greatest amount on your farms at the least possible expense. Get the highest prices for your products; renew the fertility of the soil; educate your family to become good citizens and make them the equal of the families of any other professional man.

Poverty is the soap that protects us from filthy lucre.

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A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for Curb, Slight, Sweeney, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

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Monarch Machinery Co., Room 163, 39 Cortland St., New York.

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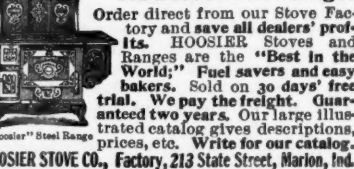
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## Aunt Hannah's Replies

No, Susan, do not marry a man who abuses his horses. If he treats dumb animals cruelly he will not make a kind and affectionate husband.

No, Joseph, I cannot tell you how to win the love of the young lady, these are the questions most often asked me by young men. We are told that love is blind, especially to the imperfections of the one adored.

Reply to Jennie: If the young man treats his father and mother with disrespect, and is hard hearted to his sisters, it is not likely that he will make a kind and loving husband, no matter what his protests may be to you now in advance of marriage.

Alice; I could never advise a girl to marry a man who drinks to excess, that is the man who becomes intoxicated. If a young man forms the habit of drinking when he is full of strength and vigor what will he do when he gets to be old and feeble? Wives suffer more from drunkenness than fathers and mothers, brothers or sisters.

Sarah: I know of no recipe by which a girl may attract a young man, or a young man attract a young woman; I suspect there is no formula for such results. It is difficult to explain why one is attracted to a certain person and is repelled from another. It is possible that much may be done to attract members of the opposite sex, but if the individual has not tact and skill enough to decide what to do it would be folly for me to make suggestions.

Dear Aunt Hannah: I have kept company with many young men, both rich and poor, all of which in their turn have had the same effect on my heart. My love has failed after a few months, and I have cast one after another away. I have hosts of lovers. Perhaps this is the reason why I am so fickle. But this is not what is tearing my heart away. This is my trouble; while I am a city girl, my home is now in the country, and here I met a young man eight years older than myself. After six months acquaintance I became engaged to him and was very happy, but alas the same thing occurred as with the others, and I began to fear that I did not love him well enough to marry him. I slighted this young man shamefully, but have been unable to turn his head—he would have me at any cost. One evening I walked away from him and joined another, that was the last straw. Oh, if I had known then as I do now that I loved him! I soon realized what I had lost—my love for him has come back. Many times I have cried myself to sleep at night. My health is impaired. I resolved to see this former lover and ask his forgiveness, but I was too proud. Then I heard that he had gone to another city to forget me.

Dear Aunt Hannah, what shall I do? I am heart sick and unhappy.—Heart Broken Girl.

Aunt Hannah's reply: Since your parents and relatives are well pleased with this young man whom you have turned away, my advice is that you see him personally and speak to him just as you have written to me. Tell him that you have made a mistake, that you feared you did not love him, but found later that you did, and that you have been a great sufferer, explaining to him the pain and heart ache you have suffered. If you cannot do this the next best thing is to write him, but be sure that you have his correct address and place your name on the outside of the envelope so that it will be mailed to you if not received by him.

In all such cases as this and in any other affairs of life in troubles between lovers, friends, parents, brothers, sisters, or of any one, the best thing to do in most cases is to be frank and open-hearted, ever ready to explain and to forgive or to ask forgiveness.

Green's Fruit Grower: I have received premium No. 1, the Corsican strawberry plants, and am well pleased with them. They came in good condition and have not wilted a particle since setting them out five days ago. I wish to state further that I am taking three farm papers and consider Green's Fruit Grower and Home Companion best of all.—Herbert K. Oliver.

Turpentine is the sap of the pine tree: rosin is its residue. Both are used tremendously in the trades and manufactures.

## Birds the Beautiful.

Written for Green's Fruit Grower.

Birds are interesting objects to me because they are useful in so many ways. First, their economic value.

Watch the birds of field, orchard and meadow. Take a visit to some lovely forest at springtime. Observe the little birds as they shoot their fiery trail through the tree tops and among the boughs in search of insect food. Noxious weed seeds and mammals all have their bird enemies. How oft while strolling over field and forest in winter time has my attention been called to tracks in the snow, and after observing them awhile they came to a stop. Some fur and blood and wing prints. That told the story.

Of the large number of hawks and owls of the United States, only a few, according to the testimony of our most eminent ornithologists, are destructive to farm poultry.

I observe the marsh hawk, the sparrow hawk and the rough leg hawk as they beat to and fro over field and meadow in quest of insects and mammals. I have never seen these hawks molest farm poultry. The sharp shinned hawk, cooper hawk, American hawk, duck hawk, pigeon hawk, and sometimes the red-tailed hawk are the most destructive hawks among poultry and wild birds. But nevertheless they do much good.

Of the owls the great horned owl is the most destructive to poultry. And doubtless he kills thousands of rodents and other mammals for every hen he catches. But owing to prejudice we have been taught that all hawks and owls must be killed.

The clearing up of our forests and the drainage of the lakes and swamps together with the dog, gun, egg hunter and milliner traffic have done much to diminish our useful birds. On account of these we sacrifice millions annually in agriculture and horticulture.

The migration of birds, how strangely they come and go from the far and distant lands. The flight of the swallow; how beautifully he sails o'er mountain, meadow, hill and dale.

The painter's brush has been baffled by the rainbow tints of some of our most beautiful birds. Our national bird has carried glad tidings around the world.

The mariner while on his voyage has been delighted with the little tern as he glides gently o'er the storm tossed billows and rocky crags of the mighty deep, while the breakers roll high o'er the lee.

How many a poor broken-hearted invalid has journeyed to the Adirondacks and sat down in the shade by some little winding rivulet and listened to the songs of the little birds and then received relief that medicine could never give. How sad and lonely at springtime it would seem if we had no bird music o'er flowery lands of life's sweet dream.

There should be more forest preserves, more trees planted. This would furnish ample nesting sites and food for birds, and would be both ornamental and useful. Educate the public sentiment and legislate in behalf of the useful birds.

Now at noontide of life as the shades of evening are gently advancing up the eastern hills I look with a sigh as I glance down the stream of time and note the number of birds once common that have fallen before the onward march of civilization.—E. J. Chansler, Indiana.

A Noted Berry.—When Bishop Berry, of the Methodist Episcopal church, was a young preacher, he once gave a lecture in a rural community. Wishing to be witty, he announced to his audience that he was a berry and called upon them to state what kind of berry. Nearly every berry known in the vicinity was guessed, and the speaker refused to share the qualities of any of those named. At last an old lady who was not sympathetic with the seeming levity of the lecturer, arose and exclaimed in a squeaky voice: "I know what kind of a berry you are. You are a gooseberry, and a very green one at that. Go on with the lecture." And the lecturer did quickly.—"Christian Work."

A young man who ended his life by an act of self-destruction left the following document on the bureau of his room in a New York hotel. It was headed "My Last Will and Testament."

"I leave to society a ruined character. "I leave to my parents as much misery as they can bear.

"I leave to my brothers and sisters the memory of a misspent life.

"I leave to my wife a broken heart.

"I leave to my children the memory of a drunkard's name."

That poor fellow's "Last will and testament" ought to be written on the memory of every youth who is prone to say to himself "I can drink and I can let it alone."—James L. Gordon.

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Price with Shafts only \$55.00. Terms \$10.00 Cash, balance \$5.00 a month, no interest, or \$5.00 Cash Discount. Shipped at once upon receipt of \$10.00 Cash Payment.

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Pole in place of Shafts, \$2.00 extra.

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### WHITE WYANDOTTE

Is one of the handsomest fowls known; large size, good layers, and highly prized for its meat. The New York markets will, in time, more fully appreciate the value of the Wyandotte for its delicacy on the table of the epicure. It will be noticed that no breed has all the good qualities, therefore, if we want all the good qualities, we must have more than one breed; but surely no one can make a mistake in breeding the White Wyandotte

considering their beauty, egg laying propensities, and desirability in markets of the world.

### SINGLE COMB BROWN LEGHORNS

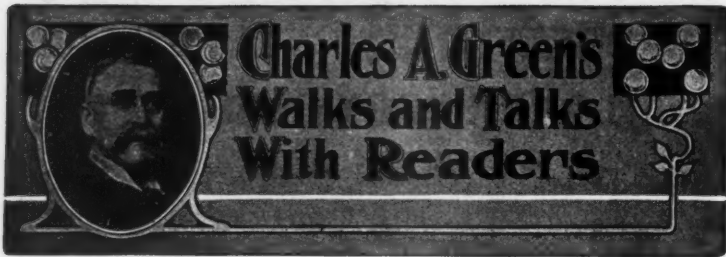
The Popular Leghorn.—The acknowledged queen of the practical egg laying breeds is the Leghorn, when judged by the standard of the greatest number of marketable eggs produced at least cost. Not only are the hens persistent layers, but they are extremely active foragers and waste no time in setting. Like a good milch cow they put little fat upon their bones, but devote all surplus nourishment to steady production. They eat less than the heavy breeds, but whatever they consume is put to good purpose. Price of B. P. Rocks, White Wyandottes, and S. C. Brown Leghorns, all one price.

PRICE OF BIRDS OF ALL BREEDS: Cockerets, \$2.00, \$3.00, and \$5.00 each; Pullets, \$2.00, \$2.50, and \$3.00 each; Trios, \$6.00, \$8.00, and \$10.00. We ship no cull birds. The lowest priced birds offered are standard bred, practically as good for breeding purposes as the higher priced birds. The \$5.00 birds offered are the pick from the flock containing the largest percentage of standard points and therefore commanding a higher price since it makes them eligible for show purposes.

PRICE OF EGGS FOR HATCHING FOR ALL BREEDS: From good breeding pens \$1.00 per 13. While we do not guarantee the fertility of our eggs we are willing to replace all settings from which the purchasers receive less than six chicks, at half the price paid.

GREEN'S NURSERY COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.





ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST, 1907.

**Be Sociable.**—You will be surprised to learn that you are all graded in regard to your sociability. It is known whether you are sociable or unsociable. Some of you are first in sociability, some are second, some are along towards the middle of the line and so on; and there is some one at the very tail end of this line of sociability, who is known to be the least social of all the members of the congregation. In order to promote sociability, it may be well for each one of us to inquire where we stand in this line of sociability, lest each ask himself, am I at the head of the line? Very likely you are not. Do you stand second in the line? Very likely not. Do you stand third, fourth, fifth, or tenth in the line? Very likely not. Do you stand midway in the line? Very likely it would indicate about the average of the whole church, possibly you do. Then you should ask yourself, do I stand at the tail end of this line of sociability? Am I the most unsociable man of the whole congregation?

Now let us examine into the make-up of this man who stands at the head of this line, and let the most unsociable man in the church see what kind of a man he is. In the first place he has a big sympathetic heart. This man would not knowingly hurt the feelings of any man or woman, no not even would he injure a horse, cow, dog, or cat. It is in him to be kind. The kindness of his nature shows out through his face and eyes. You cannot possibly pass him by on the street or elsewhere, he will see and recognize you on every occasion. He has in addition to his kindness of heart an object in view in greeting people and welcoming them to the church. And now let us consider the average man of the church as regards sociability, who occupies the middle of the line. He is a good man engaged in good works, who desires to be social and makes an effort in that line, but does not satisfy even himself with his success. He does not feel alike on all occasions; sometimes he feels friendly disposed, and sometimes he feels as though he did not want to see any one and wants to go away by himself, and this fact interferes with his success as a social factor. Now, let us see the man at the end of the line who is the least social of any. What kind of a man shall we find? We learn that he is a talented man, well read, well educated, of a good mind. He dresses well, makes a fine appearance, and is sometimes shy and bashful. Sometimes he is aristocratic and desires only a select list of friends or acquaintances; sometimes he is proud, and does not desire to be intimate with people at large. I wish to be only charitable to this unsociable man; I would like to make all the excuses possible for him, but after I have done this, I have to say that perhaps this man does not understand himself and perhaps could not explain why he is unsociable. Further I have to say that the church loses much, and he as an individual loses much, owing to the fact that he is not more social.

It pays to be social. There is a big reward for the individual, and there is another larger reward which results to the church or the party by individual sociability. There was once a lawyer in this city who conducted a law suit against me which was not only annoying and vexatious, but caused the loss of considerable money. I was for awhile tempted to give this man the cold shoulder, and yet I overcame this feeling and treated him thereafter as well as I knew how. I found him to be a friendly man, and at last after several years I sold him for \$8,000 a house and lot I very much desired to sell, and which if I could not have sold might have ruined me financially. We cannot tell how our friend or enemy may have us in his power, or how he may be in position to do us a kind act by speaking a few words. It is always wise and proper to treat everybody well. If you would have friends be friendly. If you are not by nature sociable, study the ways of people who are sociable and learn quick this important art.

**Not All Brave.**—There are many men who have a reputation for courage, who would resent an insult, who would dare to get out of bed on a dark night and search the house for a burglar, who would dare go to war and face death, who would risk life to save a man or woman from drowning or fire, yet it must be conceded that a large portion of mankind are cowardly about many other things. If we have a pain or a chill we have fears that we are attacked by some fatal disease and are going to die; we fear that our train will run off the track, or that the steamboat in which we have taken passage will blow up or sink as the result of a collision. We are afraid that our neighbors or friends may make unfavorable remarks or comments upon our actions. We have fears that others are bent upon cheating us. We are ready to believe the world is getting worse and worse instead of better and better. We do not care to express our honest convictions on many subjects. This last act of cowardice is perhaps the worst of all, for how can mankind advance if we as individuals do not freely express our thoughts, even though they differ from the thoughts of others? It requires greater courage to express personal opinions than to accomplish the many heroic deeds for which men are honored.

**Butchers.**—I am told that butchers cannot serve on juries in this state where the life of a man or woman is at stake. It appears to be assumed that the man who daily destroys the life of animals becomes hardened and so accustomed to the death of animals that it is feared he might not be so sensitive to the death of man as otherwise. I would not choose to have a friend of mine required to kill numerous animals daily, fearing that it would have some influence on his life. There are men in the Chicago meat-packing houses who do nothing else all day but to strike animals in the head, and other men do nothing all day but cut the throats of these animals. What a horrible life, and yet under the present condition of our civilization it seems to be necessary for some one to do this work. It is the opinion of Green's Fruit Grower that the human race will be so far civilized, in years to come, that animals will not be slaughtered for human food. I can testify that many butchers are kind-hearted, Christian men.

**Old Home Days.**—Many cities and villages are having home coming days. They set aside a day or a week and announce widely by advertising or otherwise that such a day or week will be home week, thus inviting all former residents to return once more to the scenes of their younger days. These invitations are widely accepted and reunions are thus brought about, friend meeting friend, where otherwise they might have died without ever again seeing this friend.

Such gatherings called my attention to the homing instinct of nearly all animals. The salmon trout are hatched in the Colorado river and later on disappear in the ocean where they are absent for many years. Finally these fish return to their birth place in vast schools. Shad are hatched in the Hudson river and soon after leave for the ocean returning after many years much like the salmon trout. Birds leave the places where they are born in the north and visit the south, perhaps a thousand miles away, but they return again to their birth place the succeeding spring. The carrier pigeon removed from its home for thousands of miles will on being released, return to its home with unerring instinct. This homing instinct prevails with many other creatures.

With man the going back to the old home, the birthplace, is notable. Criminals often escape to a foreign land where they may be safe from the law for many years, but as old age approaches they often return to their native land claiming that they could no longer remain away and that they would rather come back and be in prison than be abroad among men.

As for myself, I find no place on earth so attractive to me as the old farm homestead where I was born. I return there every year and some years several

times. My children were born at Green's Fruit Farm, twelve miles out of Rochester, and they tell me that there is no spot on earth where they can enjoy themselves so well as they can when they return to these familiar scenes of their early days.

I trust the home coming days will be more numerous in the years to come than in the past. I advise readers of Green's Fruit Grower to invite residents of their village or township to return and see their old friends once more and interview the old familiar surroundings of the spot where they were born. The city of Buffalo, N. Y., has set date from September 1 to September 7, 1907, as Old Home Week for Buffalo, and desires the names and addresses of all former Buffalo people. Address James W. Green, Buffalo, N. Y.

Do farmers and fruit growers read in summer? I desire to be informed on this subject. It is claimed by certain men that farmers and fruit growers are too busy during the summer months to read the favorite publication to which they have subscribed. Is this true? Will you kindly drop me a card stating your opinion on this subject? As an editor of nearly thirty years' experience I desire to know more about the habits of my readers. I cannot believe it possible that rural people exist for months during the busy season without reading. I know the evenings are short but the days are long. They have the noon hour, and hours after supper, and Sundays in which to read.

You can help me as an editor by informing me whether, in your opinion, active hard working farmers and fruit growers do read their favorite publications, such as Green's Fruit Grower, in the busy season of summer time.

**What Men and Women Need.**—The people of this world are suffering from the lack of knowledge. What the world needs is a larger diffusion or distribution of information on numerous topics. The knowledge of the world is confined to a few people. These few people have not the ability to communicate the information which they possess to all men and women.

The various periodicals, newspapers, magazines and journals of every kind, books, lecturers and preachers are the principal means of conveying the accumulated knowledge of great men of the past and the great men of the present to those who greatly need such information. The average person knows little about the preservation of health. Some one has said that it is a disgrace to die under one hundred years of age. Few people are informed in regard to economic questions relating to cheap but good living, good houses, suitable clothing, well ventilated and well lighted rooms. Few people know all there is to be known in regard to the particular pursuit in which they are engaged. The fruit grower and the farmer are particularly eager to learn more about the production of profitable crops. This eagerness can be seen in the attendance at farmers' institutes and horticultural meetings and in the large number of subscribers to publications devoted to their interests. Green's Fruit Grower has for its principal object the diffusion of information as mentioned above. If any reader has valuable information he does himself and the public an injustice by not communicating with me briefly, as I will be more than glad to publish such practical articles. If in addition to that which you write, you can send us a few photographs you will be doing still greater service.

**Sunshine.**—Every living animal, every vine, shrub, plant and tree loves sunshine and cannot thrive without it. When the sun appears from behind the clouds our despondency is swept away. We are once more made cheerful and hopeful.

There is another kind of sunshine which is as helpful, uplifting and promotive of long life, and that is the sunshine of the heart; cheerful ways, a pleasant smile and a willingness to overlook faults and mistakes in others.

I have a dining room where my family gather every morning, noon and evening. Its largest window faces the east, where we get the morning sunshine. I am always cheered by this view of the rising sun and sunbeams upon the table, upon the rugs on the floor and upon our persons, but if there is no sunshine in the hearts of the family, as they gather at the morning meal, there will be something sadly needed in this home.

How natural it is to speak of disagreeable subjects at the table. It is natural because our minds are not actively engaged, and when we think of something that needs reforming about the house, or about outside affairs, we

are liable to mention them at the table and thus disturb the sunshine. Let us strive to set aside these disagreeable subjects for another hour or abandon them altogether.

How much a child, a woman or a man may do to brighten the lives of hundreds or thousands of his fellows by ever wearing a sunny countenance, and ever being ready with words and comments full of sunshine. You have known such people as this. When you meet them you expect a ray of sunshine to shoot through the face and voice. Let us all strive to scatter sunshine.

#### DANGERS FROM FIRE.

Few people realize how quickly a house may be so filled with smoke or flames as to destroy the inmates. Few people realize how quickly a frame house will burn down to the ground.

It is well to consider the possibility of a fire and what you would do if you were awakened at midnight from a sound sleep and found your house in flames. Have a ladder wired to a window on the second floor of your house as a fire escape, but keep that window bolted, otherwise, thieves might get in by means of the ladder. More people die from smoke at fires than from the flames. The closer you are to the floor, the safer you are from the smoke or flames. In case of fire, rush immediately to the window and climb outside the window, standing on the sill, and closing the window after you. You can remain in this position until help arrives, if you are not able to leap to the ground in safety.

The accumulation of rubbish of various kinds leads to fires. At Green's Fruit farm, the men were painting wagons and threw the waste rags, partly covered with paint and grease, in a barrel containing waste paper, etc. This barrel of waste and rubbish took fire from spontaneous combustion, and we narrowly escaped losing a building worth \$5,000. The cellar, attic, clothes presses and other places where waste paper and other rubbish accumulates should be cleaned out each week and all refuse removed. When insurance men come at my request to look over my buildings which they have insured, they look first for rubbish heaps, scattered shavings or waste paper that may encumber some work shop or room, and tell me they must be cleared up immediately. Next they go to the cellar and examine the pipes from the furnace and demand that wherever these pipes pass near woodwork that the woodwork must be covered with tin, and that the pipes must be firmly secured within the chimney. Chimneys, themselves, are often the cause of fires. I recently took down a chimney that had been built for twelve years and found that the plastering had disappeared and that there were cracks between the bricks and that the chimneys were not safe. No stovepipe should go into a chimney through an attic. If it did, it would be a veritable fire trap, and if a fire should occur the house would certainly be destroyed.

Have some kind of fire protection for your house, either pails of salt water or force pumps or something of that kind. Those who live in the country away from organized fire departments such as we have in cities should be more careful to protect themselves against fire than those who live in cities.

Wood or even coal ashes cause many fires. I found the janitor of my church piling coal ashes against a partition. I cried out in alarm and told him never to do such a thing as that again. It is possible for live coals to remain alive in the middle of an ash pile or ash pile for several days. Ashes should always be carried out and stored in galvanized iron cans and never in wooden pails or stored in wooden barrels.

**How to Double Your Endurance.**—Chew your food thoroughly, and you will be able to do 100 per cent. more work. More than that, you will not require so much food.

Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, who has been conducting experiments with nine students during four months of this year, says:

"At the middle of the experiment the men had improved 50 per cent. in endurance. The second half showed marked improvements as the first, and at the end of the experiment the men were able to do double the amount of physical work, as shown by gymnasium tests, that they were capable of in January."

Mr. C. A. Green: Please accept my sincere thanks for your kindness in sending me the purse as a premium. It is the nicest of the kind I ever saw, and is highly appreciated. Wishing you success, I am very respectfully, Mrs. C. B., Bellvue, Col.



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### Misplaced Affections.

A fool there was and he made his prayer  
Even as you and I;  
What matter the color of eyes or hair?  
Just fix that yourself, for you've all been  
there;  
Now he wanted a kiss—but he didn't dare,  
Even as you and I.

So he asked for one—such a foolish thing—  
But he didn't even try;  
And the maid was thinking about a ring,  
And a wedding—perhaps—in the coming  
spring.  
And she said to herself: "I'd like to sing."  
But she gave a little sigh.

For the fool had ventured to call her  
"Dear"  
Even as you and I;  
But the maid showed never a sign of fear,  
Tho' if truth be told he was rather near,  
And he sought her lips—but he kissed her  
ear,  
Even as you and I.

### Points in Pickling.

Editor of Green's Fruit Grower: The  
best chow chow is that which is not  
cooked. Chop a peck of green tomatoes  
without paring, having first washed and  
cut out all defective spots. Sprinkle with  
a very little salt, and let stand in a  
colander over night to drain. In the  
morning add an equal amount of cab-  
bage, with peppers, onions and celery to  
suit taste, all chopped fine. Heat enough  
cider vinegar to cover the mixture, add  
a teaspoonful of brown sugar, a table-  
spoonful of cloves, and two of English mustard.  
Sterilize cans and fill with mixture, pour  
over the hot vinegar, place in the top  
of each a bit of horseradish root and  
seal. The amount of cabbage may be  
lessened, or entirely omitted. Care should  
be taken not to let the hot vinegar strike  
the sides of the can and break it. We  
have sometimes sealed cold, and with  
uniformly good results, though heating  
it perhaps is safer. Chow chow put up  
in this way retains its original fresh,  
crisp taste, and is much nicer than that  
which has been cooked.

Superior cucumber pickles are made  
by washing the fresh cucumbers, select-  
ing only those of small size, and pack-  
ing in Lightning or Mason cans. Pour  
over hot vinegar, put a piece of horse-  
radish root in the top and seal. They  
always keep well and retain their color  
and firmness. Do not use salt as it tends  
to kill the vinegar.—Bessie L. Putnam.

### The Japanese Custom.

When a Japanese girl is about to  
marry, her mother impresses upon her  
various rules of conduct to be followed  
during her wedded life, says Harper's  
"Weekly." Some of these are:

"Be always amiable to your mother-in-  
law and father-in-law.

"Don't talk too much.  
"Get up early, go to bed late, and never  
sleep in the afternoon.

"Until you are fifty never mix in  
crowds.

"Do not consult fortune tellers.

"Do not wear light clothes.

"Be humble and polite.

"Never allow yourself to be jealous.

"Even if your husband is in the wrong  
never get angry.

"Never speak evil of your neighbors.

"Strict obedience to a husband is a  
wife's noblest virtue."

Fortune tellers are fortune swellers for  
themselves.

### A RECORD OF OVER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS.

For over sixty-five years Mrs. Winslow's  
Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers  
for their children while teething. Are you  
disturbed at night and broken of your rest  
by a sick child suffering and crying with  
pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once  
and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-  
ing Syrup" for Children Teething. The  
value is incalculable. It will relieve the  
poor little sufferer immediately. Depend  
upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about  
it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the Stom-  
ach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens  
the Gums, reduces inflammation, and gives  
tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs.  
Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children  
teething is pleasant to the taste and is the  
prescription of one of the oldest and best  
female physicians and nurses in the United  
States, and is for sale by all druggists  
throughout the world. Price, twenty-five  
cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs.  
Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed  
under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th,  
1906. Serial Number 1098.

### Fragments of Useful Information.

Do you know—

That you can make a faded dress per-  
fectly white by washing it in boiling  
water?

That salt dissolved in alcohol will oft-  
en remove grease spots from clothing?

That two potatoes grated in a basin of  
warm water give better results than  
soap in washing delicate flannel or wool-  
len goods, ribbons, etc.?

That linen blinds can be cleaned by  
being laid flat and rubbed with powdered  
bathbrick?

That piano keys can be cleaned, as can  
any old ivory, by being rubbed with mus-  
lin dipped in alcohol?

That a little thin, cold starch rubbed  
over windows and mirrors and then  
wiped off with a soft cloth is an easy  
way of producing most shining results?

That hot milk is even better than boil-  
ing water to take out fruit stains?

That a few drops of essence of sassa-  
fras will keep flies away?

That cloves or salt sprinkled on a  
pantry shelf will rid it of ants?

That a spoonful of mustard in a gal-  
lon of water will kill insects in the  
earth? This is good for potted plants.

That you can remove the odor of fresh  
paint from a room by leaving there a  
pail of water into which several onions  
have been sliced?

That unused silver will keep bright if  
laid away in a box of flour?

That if an apple or orange is placed  
in a box of fresh cookies it will impart  
to them a most delicate flavor? A cut  
apple put in the cake box will keep the  
cake fresh a long time.

### Wedding Superstitions.

Not one of the months but has its  
own prediction concerning luck or ill-  
luck in marriage. Thus runs the best-  
known of the formulae—

Married in January's hoar and rime,  
widowed you'll be before your prime.

Married in February's sleety weather,  
life you'll tread in tune together.

Married in March wind's shrill and  
roar, your home will lie on a foreign  
shore.

Married 'neath April's changeful skies,  
a checkered path before you lies.

Married when bees o'er May blooms  
flit, strangers around your board will  
sit.

Married in queen roose month of June,  
life will be one long honeymoon.

Married as July's flower banks blaze,  
bitter-sweet memories in after-days.

Married in August's heat and drowse,  
lover and friend in your chosen spouse.

Married in gold September's glow,  
smooth and serene your life will flow.

Married when leaves in October thin,  
toil and hardship for you begin.

Married in veils of November mist,  
Fortune your wedding ring has kissed.

Married in days of December cheer,  
Love's star shines brighter from year to  
year.

"If a young man keeps company with  
your daughter six or seven months with-  
out expressing his intentions, then it is  
time that you should make it a point  
to ask him," said Father Angelo in a  
heart-to-heart talk to the women of  
Flushing, in which he laid down a code  
of rules on courtship, that provoked a  
veritable conversational storm in that  
quiet Long Island village.

Wooing on park benches of an even-  
ing, holding hands in cosy corners, and  
prolonged good-byes at the gate, are  
some of the things to which Father  
Angelo objects.

"For your own good," he said, address-  
ing the young women. "I cannot make  
these objections too strong in your mind.  
Courtship is a serious proposition, and  
should not be considered lightly. On it  
are dependent the more serious conse-  
quences and responsibilities of marriage.  
The period of courtship should not be  
longer than seven months at most.

"Avoid late hours, buggy rides and  
walks through lonely places," he con-  
tinued. "The calling hours should be  
from 8 to 10.30 o'clock, no longer, and  
no extra half-hour or more to say good-  
night."

### Be Kind to the Women.

In his Indianapolis talk, President  
Roosevelt said:

"A man, whether he lives on a farm  
or in a town, who is anxious to see bet-  
ter social and economic conditions pre-  
vail through the country at large, should  
be exceedingly careful that they prevail  
first as regards his own womankind.

"I have hearty sympathy with the  
movement to better the condition of the  
average tiller of the soil, of the aver-  
age wageworker, and I have an even  
heartier sympathy and applause for the  
movement which is to better the condi-  
tion of their respective wives.

"There is plenty that is hard and rough  
and disagreeable in the necessary work  
of actual life; and under the best circum-  
stances, and no matter how tender and  
considerate the husband, the wife will  
have at least her full share of work and  
worry and anxiety; but if a man is worth  
his salt he will try to take as much as  
possible of the burden off the shoulders  
of his helpmate.

"The best crop is the crop of children;  
the best products of the farm are the  
men and women raised thereon; and the  
most instructive and practical treatises  
on farming, necessary though they be,  
are no more necessary than the books  
which teach us our duty to our neighbor,  
and, above all, to the neighbor who is of  
our own household.

"I have not the slightest sympathy  
with those hysterical and foolish crea-  
tures who wish women to attain to easy  
lives by shirking their duties. I have as  
heartily a contempt for the woman who  
shirks her duty of bearing and rearing  
children, of doing her full housewife's  
work, as I have for the man who is an  
idler, who shirks his duty of earning a  
living for himself and for his household,  
or who is selfish or brutal toward his  
wife and children.

"I believe in the happiness that comes  
from the performance of duty, not from  
the avoidance of duty. I believe also in  
trying, each of us, as strength is given  
us, to bear one another's burdens, and  
this especially in our own homes."

### Equivalent Measurements.

Butter the size of an egg equals two  
ounces.

Butter size of a walnut equals one  
ounce.

One coffee cupful of butter, pressed  
down equals one pound.

One tablespoonful of soft butter equals  
one ounce.

One solid pint of chopped meat equals  
one pound.

Eight to ten eggs equal one pound.

Four teaspoonfuls equal one table-  
spoonful liquid.

Four tablespoonfuls or half gill equals  
one wineglassful.

Two wineglasses or half a cup equals  
one gill.

Two gills equal one coffee cupful.

Two tablespoonfuls liquid equal one  
ounce.

One tablespoonful of salt equals one  
ounce.

Sixteen ounces equal one pound or one  
pint of liquid.

Two coffee cupfuls equal one pint.

One rounded tablespoonful of flour  
equals one half ounce.

Three cups of corn meal equals one  
pound.

One and one-half pints of corn meal  
equals one pound.

Four coffee cupfuls of flour equals one  
pound.

One quart of unsifted flour equals  
one pound.

Two coffee cupfuls of sifted or pow-  
dered sugar equal one pound.

One pint of granulated sugar equals  
one pound.

One pint of brown sugar equals thir-  
teen ounces.

Two and a half cups of powdered  
sugar equals one pound.

All measurements are level, tea cup,  
tablespoon, or teaspoon.

### Mending Table Linen.

Here is a good idea for mending table  
linen that is quicker and more satisfac-  
tory than darning by hand:

Thread your sewing machine with 100  
cotton; slip a pair of embroidery hoops  
under the foot; arrange the cloth where  
worn between the hoops, so the flat side  
comes next the bed of the machine.

Do not lower the foot. Take hold of  
the hoops, and as you run the machine  
work them back and forth with the  
thread of the cloth, then turn and work  
the other way.

You will be surprised when the cloth  
is nicely laundered, at the smoothness  
and neatness of the job, and have the  
satisfaction of knowing that your linen  
has taken on a new lease of life.  
Breaks in napkins and tears in under-  
clothing may be satisfactorily treated  
in the same way.

Make the most of the present—if you  
are unable to exchange it.



A lunch for two is the title of the upper part of  
this picture. The two children in the lower part of  
the photograph are shown with their poultry friends.  
These photographs of little folks are always inter-  
esting. They were sent to Green's Fruit Grower by  
G. W. French, Conn., a subscriber, who has our  
thanks.

### She is Wise.

Who keeps in mind that a little credit  
is a dangerous thing.

Who is able to mend both her hus-  
band's clothes and his ways.

Who has learned the paradox that to  
have joy one must give it.

Who can tell the difference between  
her first child and a genius.

Who most admires those eyes which  
belong to a man who understands her.

Who acknowledges the allowance made  
by her husband by making allowances  
for him.

Who appreciates that the largest room  
in any house is that left for self improve-  
ment.

Who realizes that two husbands of  
25 years each are not necessarily as  
good as one of 50.

Who can distinguish between the laugh  
of amusement and the one meant to show  
off a dimple.

Who gets off a trolley car the right  
way—though she runs the risk of being  
arrested as a man in disguise.

For Scalds, Burns, Chillblains and  
Frozen Feet.—A poultice made of sweet  
milk and raw potatoes grated, put on  
quick fire and just heated through with  
renewal every two hours, will draw the  
fire or soreness out of the parts affected  
in a short time.

For Felons, Boils and Carbuncles.—A  
poultice made of sweet milk and bruised  
or grated poke (by some called scoke-  
root) bound on the felon will draw the  
core and loosen it so that it may be tak-  
en out in a few hours. The poultice  
should be kept moist with laudanum to  
numb the pain. Where a felon has just  
started often times a lemon cut in two  
and placed on the affected parts will  
bring great relief.

To Cure Ivy Poison.—Take a good dose  
of physic; then bathe the affected parts  
with a strong solution of borax and sal-  
eratus.—W. E., Ontario, N. Y.

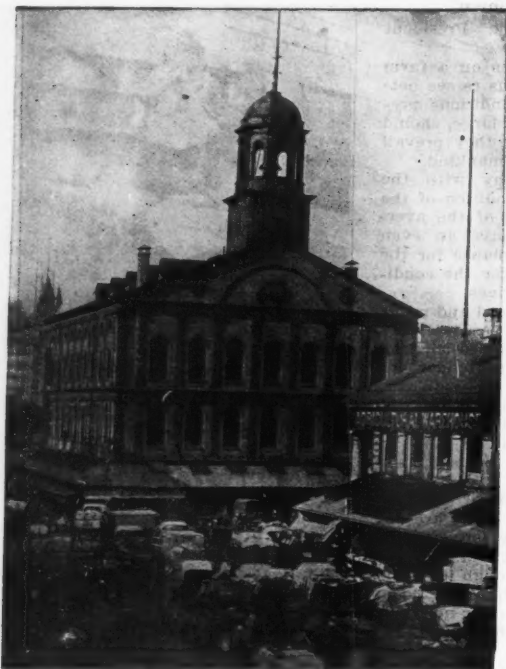
### Ginger Cordial.

One ounce tartaric acid, one-half ounce  
essence of ginger, one-half ounce tincture  
of red pepper, three lemons, three pounds  
lump sugar. Slice the lemons, put them  
with the other ingredients into a crock,  
pour on six quarts of boiling water, let  
stand for twenty-four hours. Stir well  
to see that the sugar is melted. Strain,  
bottle and keep in a cool place. A small  
glass of this is most refreshing after a  
walk, and very good for anyone who suf-  
fers from indigestion.

"Whenever you see an onion eater you  
see a whole-souled, open-hearted, jolly  
good fellow, who knows what he ought  
to eat to keep him good humored. Talk  
about the staff of life, why, bread is only  
a crutch. There is more nourishment  
in an onion that there is in a roll. The  
onion lovers keep the world moving, to  
say nothing of providing it with much  
of its fun."—St. Louis "Globe-Demo-  
crat."

"Effie," said Margie, who was laborious-  
ly spelling words from the first reader,  
"how can I tell which is 'd' and which  
is a 'b'?" "Why, replied Effie, wisely,  
"the 'd' has its tummy on its back."—  
"Harper's Weekly."





THE STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.



THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

The recent Old Home Week at Boston reminds us of the familiar scenes shown in these three illustrations, the New State House, the Old State House, and the historical Old South Church. Boston is noted for its educational institutions, its art galleries, parks, and its historical associations.



OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON, MASS.

#### Still Setting Out Trees.

Written for Green's Fruit Grower by E. L. Vincent.

Ten miles from the city of Binghamton, N. Y., there is an old man named Otis Fuller who last season set out some fruit trees on his farm. He is now going on eighty-eight years of age. He never expects to live to eat the fruit from the little trees he has recently planted. "Some one will, though," he says when anyone speaks to him about it. "I have been enjoying the good of things done by folks that have died long ago, and why should not I do something for the men and women that come after me?" And so he goes right on setting out trees.

This good old farmer last season gathered more than seven hundred bushels of apples from his orchards. Many of these he picked himself, old and stiffened as he is. I saw him many times last fall high up in a tree, picking away as happily as any young man I know of. His cellar was a sight to behold—one to make the heart glad after the fruit was all in. Of course all the early apples were then gone. Of one kind, Red Astrachans, he had more than two hundred bushels. Most of these were sold in Binghamton for a dollar a bushel. Then came the Peck's Pleasant and these were a splendid crop, fair and perfect. There were two trees of them and they were loaded to the ground.

Every spring the old man trims his orchard up himself. He has done this all his life and he will keep on doing it as long as his strength lasts. For he loves his orchard and it bears for him most bountifully. In both of his orchards the sheep run part of the time every year. Perhaps this is one secret of its fertility. The sheep leave the richest kind of manure everywhere they go. But Mr. Fuller does not leave it all for the sheep to do. Every few years he plows the orchards up and fertilizes them with barnyard manure. After seeding, however, the land is kept in sod for a term of years.

Now, there is a lesson for us all in this. Selfishness is a bane to happiness; only unselfishness brings peace of mind and happiness. What if we do not expect to reap the reward of all we do? Some one else will. This old world will go right on after you and I are gone. And men will want fruit then, just as we do to-day. Is there not a satisfaction in doing something for the men of to-morrow that can come from no selfish act? Seems to me so; and I feel that when this true-hearted old man sets out trees at his time of life it is an inspiration to the rest of us to go and do likewise.

#### About Peach Orchards.

Michigan peach lands undeveloped are worth only \$6 to \$10 an acre, never more than \$25 an acre, says "American Cultivator." With bearing peach orchards some of them command \$200 to \$300 an acre. Florida lands that were almost worthless are now yielding to growers of head lettuce and early vegetables an annual return of hundreds of dollars per acre. There are districts in Georgia where lands have been bought for \$1 per acre, which may be worth with peach orchards in bearing \$200 to \$300 per acre. California orange and lemon bearing lands sell at \$500 to \$1,000 per acre, simply by reason of the development of the refrigerator car business.

To ship a carload of oranges from California to Boston, under present methods, requires an organization of immense capital and facilities. Before the fruit-shipping season opens cars enough to handle the crop must be assembling at points convenient to the shipping stations. Many of them go West empty, subject to many delays. Some may be loaded, it is true, with clean package fruit. After the car arrives in California, inspected to see that it is sweet and clean, its tanks are filled with about ten thousand pounds of ice. Some of this ice is secured from the mountains of northern California; thousands of tons are manufactured by the ammonia process. When the fruit is loaded into this car it is hot, soaked, as it were in California sunshine. Much ice is melted to bring this hot car and its load down to a low temperature.

The car, when loaded, is sent back to initial points, its ice-tanks refilled, thoroughly inspected, and starts on its journey East. It must be re-iced at several points during the trip, sometimes seven or eight times, before the car reaches Boston.

The development of the fruit business in Georgia is something quite remarkable. Its people can profitably grow peaches for market on a large scale if they can get facilities for shipping under ice. The refrigerator service of the private car lines has done the business. Many little towns where no peaches were raised a few years ago are now shipping out one hundred to four hundred car loads per day during the season, bringing back thousands of dollars, and scattering prosperity broadcast. Men who were poor a few years ago in northern Georgia are now well-to-do, and talk glibly of \$10,000 to \$12,000 cleared in a single season on a hundred acres of peaches. Land that was worth no more than \$1 per acre ten years ago is now held at \$8 and \$10 an acre without peach trees, and when bearing an orchard many times that amount is frequently paid.

The State Peach Growers Association

of George estimates seventeen million trees in their state. Not all are in bearing, but very near it. In north Georgia peach trees are planted 160 to the acre, in south Georgia as high as 196 to the acre. The total acreage must be in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand acres, and it is growing all the time. The immense peach acreage is divided up among individual growers, whose estates range all the way from five to 1,200 acres. A peach tree in bearing will yield anywhere from one crate to five of peaches, according to its location, its condition, and care given to it.

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A baby carriage manufacturer never fails to push his business.

A hairdresser, as a rule, does a thriving business in combination locks.

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The Evening Post, one of the leading daily papers of Cincinnati, Ohio, hearing of Dr. Mott's success, asked if he would be willing to give a public test to demonstrate his faith in his treatment, and prove its merits by treating five persons suffering from Bright's Disease and Diabetes, free of charge, the Post to select the cases. Dr. Mott accepted the conditions, and twelve persons were selected. After a most critical chemical analysis and microscopic examination had been made, five out of the twelve were decided upon. These cases were placed under Dr. Mott's care and reports published each week in the Post. In three months all were discharged by Dr. Mott as cured. The persons treated regained their normal weight, strength and appetite and were able to resume their usual work. Anyone desiring to read the details of this public test can obtain copies by sending to Dr. Mott for them.

This public demonstration gave Dr. Mott an international reputation that has brought him into correspondence with people all over the world, and several noted Europeans are numbered among those who have taken his treatment and been cured, as treatment can be administered effectively by mail.

The Doctor will correspond with those who are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes or any kidney trouble whatever, and will be pleased to give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. An essay which the Doctor has prepared about kidney troubles and describing his new method of treatment, will also be mailed by him. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed to IRVINE K. MOTT, M. D., 319 Mitchell Bldg., Cincinnati, O.



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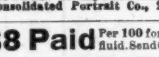
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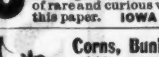
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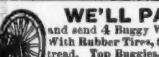
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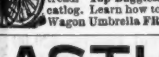
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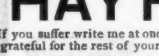
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SMALL FRUIT DEPARTMENT.



My Strawberry Experience.



Editor Green's Fruit Grower.—Your April number of the Fruit Grower is the best edition to my liking of any that I have ever read. Most fruit growers, especially those who feel interested in the raising of small fruits, like to be informed how to handle the business on a paying basis. Take for instance the experience of a carpenter whose initials, R. J. D., are signed to the article; the fertilizer in strawberry culture by A. J. Patten. How not to have fruit on the farm. Strawberries the cheapest fruit, by C. E. Chapman. Planting the strawberry, by Mathew Crawford. Setting out strawberries. These six articles on the strawberry were interesting reading to many of your subscribers.



Mr. Patten, in his article, says: "The strawberry plant requires one year of preparatory growth before bearing fruit." In all my experience I have forced runner plants to bear berries when they were ten months old. About the first of September of each year transplant small berry vines with each spade full of soil in rows about a foot apart one way, and two feet between rows, and keep the plants in hills. Do not make a practice of handling these plants with my hands. Just dig them up with spade or an ice cutter and drop the plants in a furrow containing well rotted manure. With one foot, press the plant with dirt at-



have eaten it during six months of the year, beginning in Louisiana in March and eating it all the way up into Canada in August. Hot house strawberries are too expensive for many to indulge in, but the markets, in the season, are so well supplied, that every one can have his share.



One of the largest strawberry crops of the country is raised on what is called the eastern shore of Maryland, a long, narrow strip of land, with Chesapeake bay on the one hand and the Atlantic ocean on the other. A railroad from Philadelphia now extends through this fertile tract, a great market garden, from which the leading northern cities are supplied. Next to the corn crop in this region is the strawberry crop, some farmers having twelve or more acres set with strawberry plants. The picking and packing of this fruit is a curious sight. Children who are barely large enough to walk, young men and girls, old men and women, white and black, wend their way each morning to the fields wet with dew to pick the berries. As rapidly as they are gathered the berries are taken to the packing-house, placed in the crates, and as soon as enough are filled to load the wagons are started for the depot to meet the train. Each driver urges his horse to its utmost ability to pass his neighbors and arrive at the depot first. As soon as a load of berries is in sight the commission agents make a break for the wagon, each soliciting the berries to ship to his particular commission merchant. Here also the large strawberry growers have canneries ready for work, and when the fruit fails to bring remunerative prices they can it.



The path of duty leads to happiness. A successful financier is a man who can separate other men from their money without the aid of a sandbag. Fools give away good advice; wise men keep theirs for home consumption. Haven't you often wished your running expenses would slow down to a walk? Some fellows are so full of hot air that they ought to wear stovepipe hats to let it out. And the mining prospectus gets the coin while the hard-luck story is bumping around.—Ex.



LOW BRANCHED TREES GROWING IN CONNECTICUT NURSERY.



FACTS ABOUT THE STRAWBERRY.



Written for Green's Fruit Grower by George Bancroft Griffith, E. Lempster, N. H.



The cultivated strawberry is a modern fruit. Gardeners have experimented with it for but a comparatively short time. Future generations may have on their tables a fruit as big as an egg, yet as more exquisite than the wild strawberry to the taste as the domesticated is to the wild peach. This fruit, by the way, is mentioned in the writings of Confucius five centuries before the Christian era. There are men living in New England to-day who remember the first cultivated strawberry in the market, the famous Hovey berry in the late 30s.



Since that time great progress has been made in the introduction of new varieties; in fact, strawberry culture has assumed a rank of great importance among our cultivated fruits. But there is room, as already suggested, for improvement. Improvement is the destiny of our race. Is there any reason why we may not produce strawberries of the first quality and such as are adapted to every section of our vast territory? It is stated that some people cannot eat strawberries. They make them ill. Possibly this is so, but in my brief experience I have never yet met with a person who turned up his nose at a dish of this ambrosial food. From the little insignificant berry of the fields to the mammoth specimen which the gardeners produce is a far cry, and may we not believe that they will yet grow berries which will also excel the modest little wild strawberry in flavor? There is no fruit out of which, while it lasts, more comfort is to be taken than the strawberry. It never cloy upon the taste of any person who relishes it. We

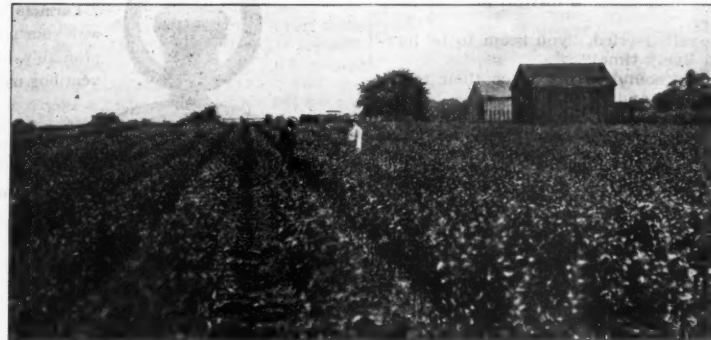


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LOW BRANCHED TREES GROWING IN CONNECTICUT NURSERY.

tached to it in the manure. My theory is that this trench holds moisture longer after a slight shower and the berry plants get the full benefit. I do not believe in stooping or getting down on my knees to set out strawberry plants. It is too hard work for a man like you or me. I have berry plants now in my beds set out the first of September that are just the same size as those set out the first of April of the same year. The latter part of March the weather was warm here so I set out about five hundred plants in the way I have informed you and to-day they are a thrifty looking lot. Since that time we have had two snow storms, and the ground has been frozen on several occasions, the thermometer being 27, but the plants are still looking fine. Last Saturday during a heavy wind storm I used 125 pounds of Canada wood ashes on the bed. I spread on all sides of the plant about an inch away from it a heaping tablespoonful of these ashes. My next move will be to mulch the plants with pine needles to keep the berries clean. The soil of this bed is a mixture of sand and clay. It lies along the West Shore Railroad tracks, and I expect many of the passengers on and off the train will feast their eyes on the big berries when they are ripe the middle of June. I have four strawberry beds under cultivation. Two are on high ground and two are on low. If we should get a wet or dry season, I shall get the benefit of either of the two. Two beds are on sandy soil and two are on loam. I have in bearing order over ten thousand hills of strawberries. Jessie, Marshall, Corsican, Downing, Sharpless and Bubach are my favorite varieties. This year I am experimenting in the raising of pedigree plants. These plants were set out in trenches, containing rotted manure, over a year old. I have never seen such thrifty plants before. I am trying them along with some of my plants set out this spring.—C. E. Nichols, Kingston, N. Y.

Jack—I tried to pay the New Woman a compliment last night in my speech, but it didn't seem to be appreciated. Bob—What did you say? Jack—I said that the New Woman would leave large footprints on the sands of time.—London "Tit-Bits."

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## The Electric Melons.

Written for Green's Fruit Grower by Joe Cone.



Times-Union, Florida.

About the first thing I heard after moving into Sedgewick was that nobody could raise melons. This wasn't because of any peculiarity of the soil or condition of climate, but because the young men of the place had sworn to raid any melon patch that dared raise its head in the confines of their native town. And, as far as I could learn, they had for many seasons kept their word.

The conditions were brought to my notice during a conversation I had with a neighboring farmer relative to preparing my ground for the spring planting. Having no stock I engaged him to do my plowing. Among other things I mentioned the fact that I intended to put in half an acre of melons. He looked at me in astonishment.

"Melons," said he, "why young man, yew can't raise any melons in this town. It's out uv the question."

Then he told me why. I thought it over a good deal, and the longer I worked it over in my mind the stronger grew my determination to grow a melon patch. I said nothing about it to anyone except she who shared my burdens and got my meals. Neighbor Williams plowed my ground and harrowed it, after which our confidences ceased. He had two nearly full-grown boys of his own. I could readily understand why he sought to discourage me on the question of raising melons. And neighbor Williams had been a boy himself not so very many years before.

Everything was against me from the start. I was the product of city life. Tall, thin, white and ailing. Shop life had nearly run me out. My doctor, though loth to lose a good patient, told me that but two or three years waited me in the city. Life in the country, he thought, would patch on several years to my existence. It was the thing I had always wanted, so at the age of twenty-four, with a little furniture, two thousand dollars in my pocket and a willing wife by my side I entered the town of Sedgewick and purchased a run-down farm. Electricity had been my profession, but I was not fortunate enough to be a road man, my field being in the construction department of electrical machinery. This was all indoor work and very confining. I was but two years out of school and the two thousand dollars testified to the excellence of my position, as well as to my saving propensities.

For years I had been collecting electrical apparatus. Some of it was useful while much of it was foolish and cumbersome. Still I brought everything with me, thinking to enjoy a rainy day now and then amongst my beloved paraphernalia. As an apprentice in the shop, and later during my student days, I had rigged up all sorts of contrivances such as lights, burglar alarms, fire alarms and not a few amusing "electrical tricks" on my chums. I possessed some very large and strong batteries as well as an abundance of wire. All this I brought along, with many additions. Although I was to become a farmer my heart still lay with the "lightning" producers.

In pondering over the melon raising problem it occurred to me that I could wire the patch and thus set an alarm, which scheme, when the melons began to arrive to a respectable size, I proceeded to get under way.

It became noised about the village that "the city feller had a patch of melons growin'," as I knew it would. Nobody mentioned it to me, but I knew that the younger element was aware of it by the glances thrown my way when I visited the post-office just before dark each day, and occasionally I overheard remarks that I knew were intended for me when passing groups of boys on the corners. The older men of the village were disposed to be friendly, and saved me many a dollar by their good advice, but the younger element were shy and distant. They appeared to be on the defensive. From the very feel of things I knew that mischief was brewing. But I was not to be squelched without a good try. I scratched the soil around the patch each night and found that the melons were being tried. It was simply a question of waiting till they were ripe enough. Footprints told me that a half dozen were concerned in the nightly investigations.

About this time I was getting my "lightning" machines into shape. A week before the melons were ripe enough to pick I wove the wires amongst the vines, bringing them in most cases

under the ends of the biggest melons. I had a veritable network of electric wires, with some powerful batteries at the other end. I knew that whatever night they came they would make a clean job of it, so I decided to do the same. There wasn't electric voltage enough to do any real damage, but it was gauged sufficient to make lifting melons exceedingly hot work should the thieves come in contact with the wires. It would also send an alarm to my sleeping room.

Each night after dark I switched on the current and went peacefully to bed. Saturday night is conceded to be a good watermelon night. For some unaccountable reason this particular night is selected generally for a raid of this kind. I went to bed with a feeling that I should be disturbed before morning. The night was dark, and the melons were quite eatable. I was dreaming of being somewhere in the center of a large room full of electric machines, giving orders to the men, and running here and there with my hands full of blueprints, when a terrific buzzing at my headboard woke me up. My wife grasped my arm in her fright.

"The melons!" I whispered, and tumbling into my clothes I hurried in the direction of the field. At a certain tree I had a switch for the purpose of throwing on a circle of lights that I had placed around the patch. As I stumbled along the night air was filled with muffled exclamations of pain and curses. I could hear the stamping of feet and the scrambling of men mixed up in the network of wires. Reaching the tree I switched on the light current and a strange sight met my view. Boys, men grown, were dancing and swearing in their terror, and trying to fight off the hot, clinging wires. I saw their faces plainly and made a mental note of each robber.

"Boys!" I cried, "you seem to be having a lively time!"

At the sound of my voice their terror increased, and a wild scramble for the darkness begun. In an instant almost the melon patch was clear, and the sound of clanking footsteps died away.

The next day I summoned each participant to my barn. There was an air of law about the proceeding, and everyone of the boys appeared, in most cases bringing their fathers with them. They were a shame-faced lot. If looks could have killed me I should have been a very dead man.

"Boys," said I, opening the ell-room of my barn, "step in here and we'll see what can be done."

They filed in, hanging their heads as they came. A long table through the center of the room was filled with cut melons. There were silver knives and forks and by each plate stood a dainty bouquet. My wife, with a lemonade pitcher in her hand, stood at one end of the table.

"Boys," said I, "sit down and pitch in; we'll all eat melons together."

### An Awful Night at Sea.

Mark Twain tells of a city man who returned to his home at midnight exceedingly mellowed by excessive drinking. When he arrived with some difficulty at his house he found that the building was flying around at a rapid pace. He waited until the front steps came around and then made a dive for them and landed on the floor of his porch. Then he waited until the revolving house came around to a point where he could see the front door and he made a dive for the door, catching the knob with some difficulty. Then he entered the house and found the interior flying around, thus he had to wait some time for the stairway to appear before him when he made a dive for the stairway, and finally reached the top of the stairs, where he lost his footing and rolled down to the hall below.

"I thank God," he exclaimed, "that I am not at sea on a night like this."

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"Deduction is the thing," declared the law student. "For instance, yonder is a pile of ashes in our yard. That is evidence that we have had fires this winter."

"And, by the way, John," broke in his father, "you might go out and sift that evidence."—Houston "Chronicle."

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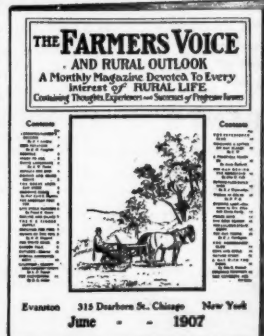
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## FRUIT BASKETS



**Splint Baskets** are lighter than the Climax and are generally used for Plums, Cherries, Grapes, and other small fruits in nearby or home market, where covers are not wanted. They are used almost exclusively in Western New York in preference to any other.

Price of 8-lb. Splint Baskets, without covers, \$20.00 per 1000 \$11.00 per 500, \$2.50 per 100. Covers for 8-lb. Splint Baskets, \$5.00 per 1000.

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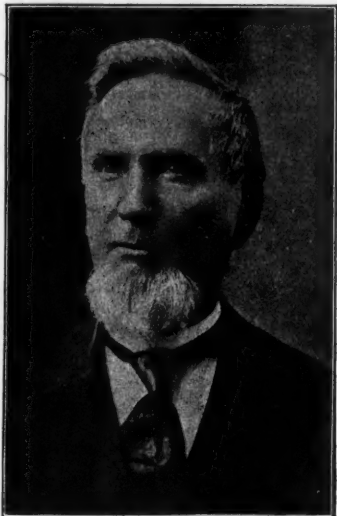
ROCHESTER, N. Y.







CORRESPONDENCE



F. WELLHOUSE, A MISSOURI APPLE KING.

Our readers have often heard of F. Wellhouse, who has the largest orchards in the world. He started out as a nurseryman, but found that fruit growing paid better than the nursery business.

His first orchard venture was on shares. His friend was to furnish the land and put it in good shape. Mr. Wellhouse was to furnish the trees, plant and care for them until they came into bearing. When this orchard came into bearing, each party was to pay half the expense and get half the crops. Later he made another contract with his brother to plant five hundred acres on the same terms. Later they extended the orchard to cover eight hundred acres, then he planted four hundred acres more, making a total of 1,637 acres.

In one year he produced 79,170 bushels of apples. With him the Jonathan has outsold all other varieties, but this apple does not do so well in the East where it is smaller and not so productive. It is liable to drop wherever it is grown. The "American Cultivator" of Boston, Mass., kindly loans us the above portrait of Mr. Wellhouse.

**How to Kill Trees:** Reply to Mr. J. Jones, B. C.—It is my opinion and the opinion of others that the foliage of trees can be destroyed by spraying the leaves with oil or grease. There are spray pumps which will throw a fine stream or spray of crude petroleum oil or kerosene oil upon the leaves. If the leaves are destroyed by fire or by the oil spray, it is my opinion that the trees will be destroyed. To my mind a cheaper method than this is to chop the trees down in July or August or as soon as the trees are fully leaved out. If the young or the old trees are cut down at this time they are not so likely to sprout at the roots as they would be if cut later in the season or in the winter.

Sometimes there is a market for poles, such as your young trees would make. They are sometimes used for hoops of barrels and other purposes, therefore I would advise you to investigate and see if it is possible to sell the wood. Possibly there are men in your locality who would be willing to clean up the brush for the wood they could secure. Where trees and brush have been cut down in the winter and sprouts are coming up from the roots, there is nothing better than to turn in a few sheep or goats; they will soon clear off the young shoots and eat them and thrive on them. I will be glad to give you further information if this does not cover the point you are after.

If I had land such as you speak of I would not think of clearing it without the aid of sheep or goats, as they will eat up every green thing within reach.—C. A. G.

**Black Rot in Grapes.**—The remedy for black rot on grapes is to have the vines and clusters carefully sprayed with Bordeaux mixture as soon as the leaves appear. Another application should be applied a few weeks later.

Paper bags, such as are used by grocers in putting up pound lots of sugar, tea or coffee can be secured in most villages and in all cities. Ask your grocer where you can get them and let him show you what he has; they should be as strong as can be secured. Each bag

is drawn over a cluster of fruit; then gather the end of the bag strongly with the fingers and pin about the stem and cluster with an ordinary pin. This is somewhat expensive and laborious but I advise you to experiment with it if you do nothing more.

A subscriber in Missouri asks how to destroy locusts which are eating the young shoots off from his apple trees. Reply: The word locust is applied by many people erroneously to other insects than the true 17-year locust. Possibly our subscriber refers to some kind of grasshopper which is not a true locust. Any insect which feeds upon the foliage or the green shoots of a tree may be destroyed by spraying the leaves and shoots with a solution of Paris green. Be careful not to make the solution so strong as to injure the foliage.

**Peach Yellows.**—Reply to E. F. Pell, N. Y.: I know of no cure for peach yellows. If a tree is attacked it should be cut out and removed, using care not to brush the branches of this diseased tree against other healthy trees in carrying it out of the orchard. I know of no other way to make lettuce form firm heads except to use the best seed, and to thin the plants leaving them from six to twelve inches apart at an early age.

I cannot tell what makes the leaves curl on your newly planted apple trees. This might have been caused by placing manure in contact with the roots or from lack of moisture. Loosen the ground, wet it thoroughly, and apply a mulch over the surface of strawy manure or litter or chips.

**Water Cress.**—Reply to William O. Howard, Mo.: Water cress will not spread outside of a ditch except possibly in very low wet, worthless, swampy soil. We can supply the plants, but I have never seen the seeds offered. There is no difficulty in getting it to grow, and we can mail the plants at any time, and will send you a large package for fifty cents, post paid. Set the plants in the muddy bank close to the water, where the soil will be perpetually wet.

**Peach Budding.**—John Knox asks Green's Fruit Grower why he failed in budding and grafting his peach trees. Reply: It would simply be guess work for me to explain why your grafts did not grow. Budding should be done in August or September when the sap is flowing freely, so that the bark will lift readily and not cling to the wood. The cutting of the bud is important since if the bud is cut too deep or too early failure is likely to occur. Many fail from not being able to detect the difference between the blossom bud and the leaf buds. No tree can be made from a blossom bud. The tying of the buds where insertion is made, with string, is important. Air should be excluded by this tying, and after the wood has united, that is in two or three weeks, the string should be loosened. The next spring the branch or tree should be cut off three inches above the bud. I never saw the peach successfully grafted.

From Minnesota.—I have been a subscriber and reader of the Fruit Grower for a number of years. I like it and all of it. We cannot grow peaches here, yet I read with interest the doings of Hale and others, who are growing them, and I do not know of anything that I would wish to have discontinued in its literature. A few years ago I induced two persons to subscribe for it who afterwards stopped, and gave their reasons for doing so, because it was all about growing fruit. That on account of Minnesota's cold climate fruit would not do anything here, and that to look upon fruit pictures, and to read of it was only an aggravation. I have been growing strawberries and red raspberries in a small way for several years and they do well here with proper care. The strawberries have had to be well covered, and the red raspberries laid down and covered with soil through winter to give good returns every year. But as Mr. Green has a large number of readers scattered over a vast domain it is indeed hard to please them all. When I think of his Corsican strawberry and the result it gave me I am thankful. I have read the story of the way that Mr. Green started at the old farm house, of his first night there. It was interesting and I have read it several times over. People generally like to read literature of that kind.—N. A. Ranney, Minnesota.

Gentlemen: The April number came last night and is a fine one. The premium pocketbook came some two weeks ago. As I did not need it I sold it to the first man I showed it to. The Fruit Grower is all right.—H. J. Stuart, Idaho.

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w-weekly, sm—semi-monthly, m-monthly.			w-weekly, sm—semi-monthly, m-monthly.		
75	Agricultural Epitomist.....m	50	100	Human Life.....m	70
75	Agricultural Experiment.....m	50	100	Industrious Hen.....m	70
150	Agricultural Southwest.....m	100	110	Indiana Farmer.....w	85
230	Ainslies Magazine.....m	180	150	Inland Farmer.....w	100
150	American Agriculturist.....m	125	150	Irrigation Age.....m	100
150	American Boy.....m	100	150	Kansas Farmer.....w	100
150	American Bee Journal.....m	100	150	Kimball's Dairy Farmer.....sm	75
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100	Apple Specialist (both 2 years).....m	100	70	Missouri Valley Farmer.....w	50
200	Appleton's Magazine.....m	150	70	Modern Farmer.....m	70
300	Arena.....m	210	100	Modern Priscilla.....m	70
100	Arkansas Homestead.....m	70	100	National Farmer.....m	70
100	Black Cat Magazine.....m	75	150	New England Homestead.....m	125
150	Boston Cooking School Mag.....m	100	150	N. Y. Tribune Farmer.....w	100
350	Burr McIntosh.....m	300	150	New York Weekly Witness.....w	125
50	Canadian Bee Journal.....m	100	150	New York World.....tw	110
100	Canadian Horticulturist.....m	75	150	Northwestern Agr.....w	75
100	Canadian Poultry News.....m	60	125	Ohio Farmer.....w	100
450	Century Magazine.....m	400	100	Orange Judd Farmer.....w	125
150	Chicago InterOcean.....w	100	150	Photographic Times.....m	100
150	Coleman's Rural World.....w	100	100	Poultry Herald.....m	65
150	Cornell Countryman.....m	100	100	Poultry Keeper.....m	70
150	Cosmopolitan.....m	100	100	Poultry Success.....m	70
200	Country Gentleman.....w	150	100	Practical Farmer.....m	85
150	Delineator.....m	150	150	Prairie Farmer.....w	75
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100	Designer (The).....m	80	150	Reliable Poultry Journal.....m	70
200	Etude (for music lovers).....m	150	350	Review of Reviews.....m	300
100	Farm and Home (U. S. only).....sm	70	150	Rural New Yorker.....w	120
75	Fancy Fowls.....w	60	100	Sabbath Reading.....m	75
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75	Farm and Fireside.....sm	70	300	Scribner's Magazine.....m	300
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150	Hoard's Dairyman.....w	110	200	The World To-day.....m	150
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100	Home and Farm.....m	70	100	Up-to-Date Farming.....m	75
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## In August.

Written for Green's Fruit Grower by B. F. M. Sours.

The summer sun was beaming in his might,  
The roads were blind with dust, the sky  
was blue—  
That whitish blue, without a cloud in  
sight—  
And we were journeying, and hungry too.  
Weary and lazy, overheated, we  
Rode dreamily past woods and rocks and  
streams,  
Until the city, like a stormy sea,  
Burst on our view, and stirred us from  
our dreams;  
A city full of weary toiling ones—  
How do they bear the fervid August sun?  
We swelter in the open fields where breeze  
lies now and then among the drowsy trees.  
Ah! we are weary. Seek some cool still  
nook,  
Where we may rest beside a shady brook.

## "Ol' Nutmeg's" Sayings.

Written for Green's Fruit Grower by Joe Cone.

Shortsightedness ain't improved with  
gold-bowed spectacles.

Make the most uv ev'rything, beginnin'  
with yewself.

Silence is golden; don't display tew  
much brass.

The road tew prospererty is chuck full  
uv autermobiles.

A tumblerful uv snake bite prevention  
is wuth a barrelful uv cure.

Don't expect that ev'ry dorg yew kick  
is goin' tew lick yewr hand.

The easiest way tew kill time is tew  
set daown an' tire it aout.

A well-fed cat ain't apt tew cast her  
eye ez high ez the pantry shelves.

Some folks borry the best they kin  
git hold uv an' lend the poorest they  
hev.

Lots uv men don't believe in gamblin'  
arter they come aout the little end uv  
the horn.

Stealin' watermelons is bad bizniz be-  
cuz it might lead up tew stealin' bigger  
things; bigger watermelons fur in-  
stance.

Ef wishes wuz hosses tourin' cars  
wouldn't sartisfy ha'f uv the people who  
wanter be kerried threw life.

Callin' a spade a spade o'untimes  
makes trouble between the spade an'  
the one who does the callin'.

The advice that some people are so  
free tew give away is the kind they  
don't wanter use themselves.

Most wimmen like tew git a hull lot  
fur their money till they hap'n tew git  
inside uv a shoe store.

The autermobile hain't put the hoss  
aout of bizniz, but the same can't be said  
uv quite a large number uv people.

There's something wrong with the  
man who is allus behind in his work;  
he either gits up tew late or quits tew  
'arly.

Tain't necessary tew teach young  
ideas haow tew shute a gun; ruther it  
is difficult tew teach 'em tew let it  
alone.

Ef yew feel that yew are a little bit  
better than ev'rybuddy else yew must  
give the world some proof that yew be.

I of'n wonder what the prizefightin'  
enthusiasts think uv the "manly art uv  
self defence" when they read abaout a  
man strikin' a wummun.

Naow an' then yew will find a man  
who wants t' dew yew good, but ef he  
should tell yew so yew would at once  
hev yewr doubts.

The road tew success ain't allus on the  
great highway; sometimes it takes a  
short cut threw the little lane clus by  
where yew live. The trouble with some  
people is they are allus lookin' fur mac-  
adam an' easy goin'.

They's tew things to be considered  
afore laffin's at a neighbor's joke; ef  
yew don't laff at it he is apt tew be of-  
fended, an' ef yew dew laff at it he is  
apt tew tell yew so many that yew wish  
yew hed never be'n born.

Mark Twain assured King Edward VII.  
that he approved Windsor castle with its  
grounds and would like to buy it. "The  
king entered into the spirit of the oc-  
casion." Thus did Mark Twain again  
follow in the footsteps of Artemus Ward,  
as he has followed for 40 years.

## Fruit and Crop Prospects,

Arkansas Big Peach Crop.—The  
Arkansas Elberta peach will soon begin  
to put in her color, and by July 10th  
will be the favorite in every leading  
market of the United States.

If blessings have ever been showered  
on any people Arkansas has certainly  
been favored this year. First, their  
strawberry crop yielded them an im-  
mense amount of money; now comes  
their blackberries, raspberries, peaches  
and apples.

The peach crop of Arkansas is report-  
ed so large that her most sanguine citi-  
zens cannot realize the enormous amount  
that will be marketed within the next  
month or six weeks.

Just now what the Arkansas grower  
needs to do most is to get pickers. The  
crate proposition is settled. The rail-  
roads seem to be able to take care of  
the peaches, but 75 per cent. of the grow-  
ers don't seem to realize that unless  
help is imported they won't be able to  
move the crop. There will be 2,500 cars  
of peaches at the least calculation,  
moved out of Arkansas next month.  
This will mean that at least seventy  
cars must be moved per day. A number  
of leading men have told the New York  
"Packer" man that the peaches will have  
to be moved in twenty days. This would  
mean that would have to be 125 cars  
moved per day.

Friend Hale, the peach king, reports  
that there will be no crop of peaches on  
his big Connecticut orchards. A fine  
crop was promised on his Georgia or-  
chards but later the fruit dropped and  
now he expects but a small crop there.

Mr. Morrell of Michigan, another peach  
king, reports that many of the peach  
orchards of Michigan will not only  
be barren this year, but are utterly de-  
stroyed by the severe weather of last  
winter. His large Texas peach orchard  
is not expected to yield any fruit this  
year but the trees are not seriously in-  
jured.

It looks as though those who have the  
promise of a good peach crop this year  
should be rewarded with very remark-  
able prices.

Taking the whole country at a glance,  
it would appear from present reports that  
while it will not be a remarkable season  
for the average fruit crop, there is the  
promise of a good fair crop of small  
fruits, grapes, cherries, and that apples,  
pears and plums will be rather below the  
average and that peaches will be a  
very light crop.

There was a particularly heavy bloom  
on most of the apple trees in Cornwal-  
lis valley of Kings county and Annapolis  
valley, Nova Scotia. In other sections  
of the Canadian apple belt the trees  
also blossomed full. It is early yet to  
predict that the fruit crop will be, but  
so far as the blossoms were concerned  
everything promised well. The trees are  
a few days late, but no frost damage  
occurred, and it is not likely that there  
will be anything of the kind.

The fruit growers of Cornwallis and  
Annapolis valleys are hopeful, and the  
outlook is encouraging. Prosperity is  
apparent on every side and a good crop  
this autumn will again enable the or-  
chardists to laugh at the financiers who  
talk of "tight money markets." Such  
conditions are nothing to them. They  
are independent. One farm recently  
changed hands in Lakeville for a con-  
sideration of \$15,000, and there are many  
estates in that section which could not  
be purchased for that amount.

No spring in this section of country  
to speak of; from winter to summer is  
the order here. We had summer heat in  
March, 76 degrees. The dairy average  
of temperature for April and May has  
been about 45 degrees. High winds and  
cold rains, with about one pleasant day  
in each week during all of that time.

No fruit here, no flowers or garden,  
except under glass.—William DeCamp.  
Elkhart, Ind., June 2d, 1907.

C. A. Green: We have had three and  
three-quarter days that were fit to work  
our land within the last twenty-five days.  
Our cotton needs work and sunshine. We  
have had over twelve inches of rainfall  
in that time. Have a government rain  
gauge here in our yard, as I got a vol-  
unteer station located here, and my su-  
perintendent of horticulture the observer.  
—H. E. Van Deman.

Fruit Prospects in Indiana.—We have  
had a cold, backward season and the  
prospects for fruit are not encouraging.  
There will be no early cherries and  
peaches and but few apples and pears.  
Grapes and raspberries promise large  
crops. Wheat is looking well.—O. O.  
Long, Indiana.

To risk is to do.

High Grade Silverware Given for a  
LITTLE WORK

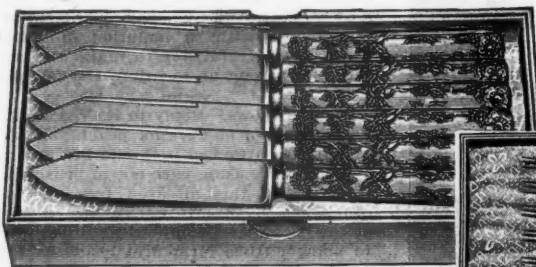
## THE WILD ROSE PATTERN

Here offered is the  
A No. 1 Wild Rose  
pattern. It is pla-  
ted with a good  
plate of pure coin  
silver over a white metal base and it is guaranteed for ten years in ordinary family service. The  
prices here quoted are the regular retail cash prices of each set. It is the price you would have to pay  
if you were to purchase it at any jewelry store. Now when you receive this silver if you  
find that it is not as here represented, you may return it and we will refund your money. This is the  
same kind of silver that the editor of the Fruit Grower uses every day in his home, and the reputa-  
tion of the Fruit Grower is at stake when we say that this silverware is just as it is represented.  
We are anxious to have the women readers of our paper help us in securing subscribers, and we  
believe that if we offer an expensive article like the WILD ROSE PATTERN SILVER that they  
will want to secure some of it. When we say coin silver we do not mean anything else. There is no  
German, French, or Scotch silver in this article; but only pure American coin silver is used in the  
makeup of these wares. Any set here offered will be sent on receipt of the prices as given, postpaid, if  
you do not care to get up a club for the Fruit Grower.

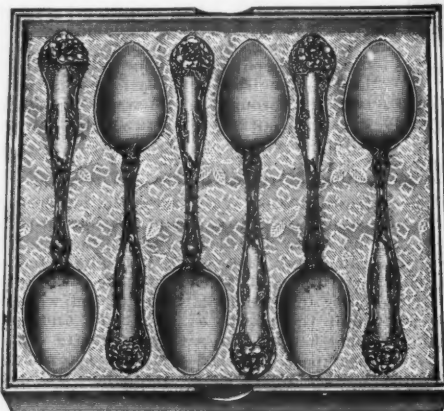
Charles A. Green,

Editor of Green's Fruit Grower.

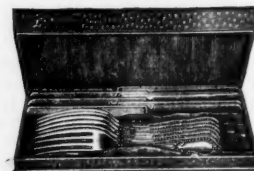
This Silver comes in satin  
lined boxes.



This six piece Fruit Knife Set, Price \$2.20, or given for 20  
subscribers to Green's Fruit Grower at 25c. each.

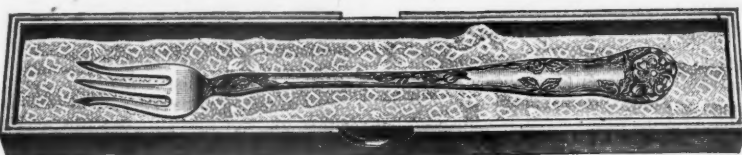


Six Berry Forks and One Berry Spoon,  
Price \$2.20, or given for 20 subscribers to  
Green's Fruit Grower at 25c. each.

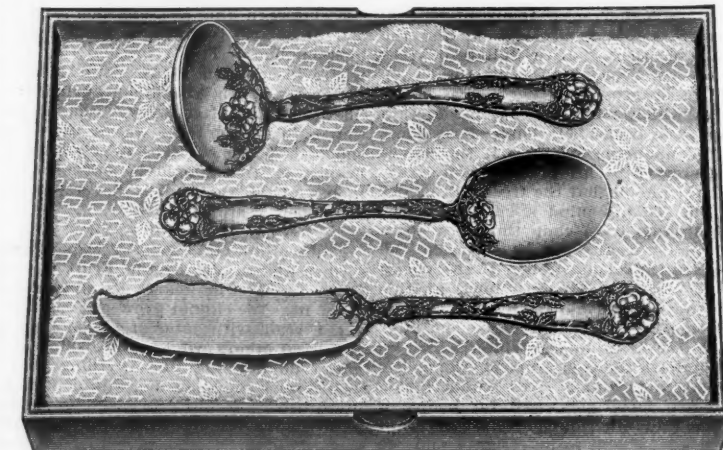


12 piece Knife and Fork Set, Price \$4.20,  
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Fruit Grower at 25c. each.

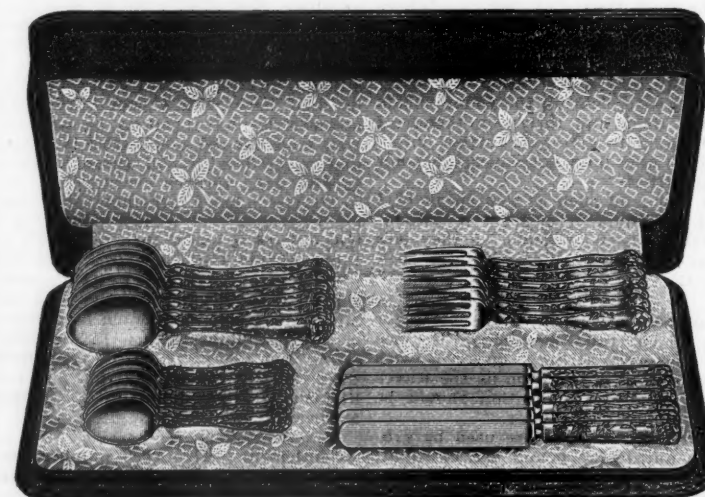
The price of this six piece Five O'clock Tea Set is \$1.25,  
or given for 10 subscribers to Green's Fruit Grower at 25c. each.



This Pickle Fork, Price 50c., or given for 5 subscribers to Green's Fruit Grower at 25c. each.



The price of this three piece Butter, Sugar and Cream Set is \$1.45, or given for 10 subscrip-  
tions to Green's Fruit Grower at 25c. each.



This 24 piece Dinner Set is \$9.40, or given for 50 subscriptions to Green's Fruit Grower at 25c. each.

Add 90c. postage to  
Canadian orders.

GREEN'S FRUIT GROWER, Rochester, N. Y.



### Millions to be Young Again.

Written for Green's Fruit Grower.  
Rich man, aged 70—"I would give all my money for the youthfulness of that boy."

"No, you wouldn't."

Rich man—"I think I would."

"No. You would not give your gold for the boy's youth and his meager opportunities in life. What you mean is that you would give \$1,000,000 for the boy's youth combined with your present position, knowledge and opportunities."

Rich man—"But the boy has opportunities."  
"Many people exaggerate the opportunities of the son of poor parents. He does not inherit the rare characteristics of those destined to succeed. He will probably fall in many enterprises and finally end with a lowly salaried position. No, you would not give your million to be placed in the boy's position, much as you long for youth."

Rich man—"You think that I simply want the thing which is impossible?"

"Yes. That is what humanity ever longs for—the impossible. But youth is a great asset, yet the young never appreciate it. It is only when we grow old that we appreciate youthfulness. Age, to grow old, is a fatality common to all. But consider the evils of living forever on earth. This globe would be soon crowded. There would not be standing room. A few would possess all wealth, all power."

### Poorly Planted and Untrimmed Trees Die.

Editor of Green's Fruit Grower: Not ten per cent. of those who plant trees in small lots know how to set and leave them in good condition for the first year's

A Monster Bakery.—The monster bakery at Essen is a vast building in which seventy workmen, divided into two shifts, work night and day. Everything is done by machinery. A gigantic screw turns unceasingly in a kneading trough into which are poured ten sacks of flour of 100 kilograms each and some water, says "Figaro."

This machine makes about 20,000 kilograms of bread every day in the shape of 25,000 small loaves and 25,000 large loaves, produced from 230 sacks of flour of 100 kilograms each.

All the operations of breadmaking are performed in this colossal bakery. The wheat arrives there, is cleaned, ground and brought automatically to the kneading trough by a series of rising and descending pipes. There are thirty-six double ovens, and the workmen who watch over the baking of the bread, earn 10 to 12 sous an hour, making an average of 4 francs, 75 cents, for eleven hours on duty. They have coffee and their bread free. Eight douches and a bath are at their disposal.

Shall we Call?—Two women were discussing some new neighbors who had moved into one of the most sumptuous houses in their city. "They seem to be very rich," said the first. "Oh, yes, they are," replied the second. "Shall you call?" asked No. 1. "Decidedly," was the answer. "Are you quite sure that they are—er—quite correct, quite—er—good form?" inquired the woman who had started the conversation. "Oh, my dear, I'm quite positive about it," said her friend. "They have thirty servants, eighteen horses, twelve dogs, eleven automobiles, and one child."—Washington "Herald."



ASLEEP AMONG THE STRAWBERRIES.

The strawberry pickers at Green's fruit farm are made up of people of both sexes and of various ages. There may be seen the juvenile and the aged, and those in middle life; many of these pickers are mothers of children too young to be left at home unattended. The mother of this sleeping babe is not far away. She is gathering strawberries at 2c. per quart in order to get money to buy a new dress and go-cart for the little one. Notice the large size of the strawberries. Notice also the new idea in picking stands for strawberries. The one shown has legs which keeps the stand from pressing upon the strawberry plants and upon the fruit itself.

growth. This may seem a radical statement, but I am convinced of this, after noting many hundreds of little plantings during the past two or three years. The trouble exists in the face of facts that experienced orchardists, catalogue makers and writers of prominence in the horticultural press have and do continually urge. But they should advise more care, and give more explicit directions for correct setting and pruning. There seems to be no other remedy. The tree looks nice as it is received for planting. Many beginners don't fancy the idea of cutting off two-thirds to all the limbs, cutting down the peach trees to a stub two feet high, and cutting away the end of the roots, especially if of the fibrous kind, while others regret that the holes in which to plant them were not sent with the trees, and this feeling is sure to endanger the future of the tree. So the poor planting goes on, and statistics will continue to show that many of the fruit trees set never reach maturity and become good fruit bearing trees.—E. H. Burson.

Luck a Reality.—No one can study life closely without being convinced that luck is a reality. Luck has to do with facts and forces over which we have no control. If I am born with a vigorous constitution and my friend suffers for his father's sins, I am compelled to be thankful for my good luck, whilst he laments his handicap in the race of life. "If the weather spoils your crops you can only accept the inevitable and try again. Better luck next time!"—Scottish American.

Teacher—Can the leopard change his spots? Now, Tommy, answer me!  
Tommy—Yes, sir; he can.  
Teacher—Nonsense! How can he?  
Tommy—Well, sir, when he's tired of sitting in one spot he can change to another, can't he, sir?

### A New Spray Mixture.

Green's Fruit Grower has just received a letter from the Agricultural Experiment station at Geneva, N. Y., written by P. J. Parrott, entomologist, stating that it is believed that a new spray mixture has been found. Formerly bordeaux mixture and paris green were united, but this mixture was not effective against plant lice and other insects which did not consume the foliage but sucked the substance out of the foliage. By the new idea kerosene and wheat flour are added to bordeaux mixture and paris green, thus forming a new insecticide covering a vast field. In fact with this new spray mixture it would seem as though no other mixture would be needed for the average fruit grower and farmer. Green's Fruit Grower will have more to say about this subject later. The new formula offered by the Geneva, N. Y., Experiment station is as follows:  
THE BORDEAUX-KEROSENE MIXTURE.  
Kerosene, 4 gallons.  
Wheat flour (cheap grade), 8 pounds.  
Bordeaux mixture with the usual poison 36 gallons.

J. E. Allis, Medina, N. Y., believes that the yield of peaches this year will be at least 50 per cent. better than last year.



H. C. PHELPS  
President.

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I also hereby positively agree to return you your dollar willingly if you yourself don't find them to be the finest you have ever bought anywhere, at any price.

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PRICE, express prepaid, \$.85.

NOTE.—This outfit is durable, and the boy who orders it will not be disappointed.

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Fruit Parsers	Cider Mills	Budding Knives	Raffia	Seeders	Catalogue Free

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**Cultivation.**

Written for Green's Fruit Grower by William Stephens.

Good seeds will seldom grow  
In uncultivated ground;  
Turn the surface sod below  
And the remedy you've found.

So is it with the human heart;  
If you would displace the tare,  
Cultivate, before you start  
Planting seeds of kindness there.

To pave the way to better things  
We must mold and cultivate  
Every obstacle that clings  
To the trailing train of Fate.

**Novelties in Birds' Nests.**

By the Editor.

During my recent visit at Washington, D. C., I spent some time in the Smithsonian Institute, studying the marvelous collection of birds and birds' nests.

I am persuaded that the early races of mankind learned from the birds how to construct rude houses. I can see in bird architecture much that would instruct mankind in building.

In the Smithsonian Institute are nests of thousands of birds, each differing from the others, and all displaying ingenuity and much work on the part of the builders. The smallest birds' nests are made by the humming birds. The American Dipper bird roofs its nest over, making a veritable four-sided house, with floor and roof and one opening at one side. Many birds drill holes in dead trees, and thus have a house in which to live and be protected from the winds and storms and from many of their enemies. Among these are the large family of woodpeckers, and those large birds familiarly known as the high-holders.

The material used in birds' nests is marvelous in its variety. Twigs, pieces of roots, pieces of grass and straw are common materials for constructing the main part of the nests of birds. Some of these nests, like that of the eagle, consist simply of rough sticks and roots upon which the eggs are placed without lining. But the nests of other birds are often lined with downy feathers, with wool cotton, or from the flower pods of the milkweed and thistle. Hair and moss are used freely in many birds' nests.

The blue-winged warbler uses the leaves of trees almost entirely in building its nest. I found one bird's nest built in a human skull. The rhinoceros horn bill builds its nest in a hollow tree. After the nest is made and the eggs are laid, and the mother bird begins to set upon them, the male bird plugs up the hole in the tree with mud, so that the mother bird cannot escape, leaving a hole large enough only for the mother bird to be fed by her attentive mate. Whether this protection is made to prevent the mother bird from escaping from her nest or to protect her from the attacks of enemies has not been discovered.

One nest was made in part by sewing together broad leaves. I could plainly see the stitches taken by the bird builders. These stitched leaves made a resting place for the nest proper.

**A Brood of Ruffed Grouse.**

During the latter part of May I was rambling with a friend along a steep wooded hillside in central New York; where the maiden-hair ferns spread their delicate fronds in the cool shade; where the trilliums, hepaticas and wild violets grew in profusion, and the quaint Jack-in-the-pulpit reared his modest head; when up flew a mother grouse with the usual suddenness of this shy denizen of the woods. She did not make long flight, but quickly dropped to the ground, floundering and making plaintive notes as if crippled and in sore distress. And so she was in distress, but not for herself. She had a brood of tiny chicks hidden in the leaves where we startled her. We knew that they were near us, and perhaps almost under our feet, so we stepped with caution and looked lest we tread upon them, when one was spied under a fallen branch. It crouched close to the ground, and kept so quiet that it was hard to be distinguished from the brown leaves that lay under and about it. With tender care my friend took the dear little creature up, that we might see it more closely. As it lay in the hollow of his hand it made a few low cries of fear-calling its mother that had flown away. It was so faint a call that we thought she could not hear it, even a rod or two away, but she did. Of a sudden she came creeping from beneath a bush, with tail spread and wings drooped, uttering the most coaxing of mother calls. She came almost within reach of our hands, and it seemed as if she would fly upon us in motherly eagerness for her young. Such anxiety had its reward, for the little one was lightly tossed beside her; when she fluttered along the steep incline a few feet; stirred the dry leaves with her

wings to hide her tiny chick and then darted into the low bushes and again began her cries of distress to allure us toward her and away from her hidden brood. With careful tread we left the place, after discovering another dear little birdling half covered by a leaf as brown as its soft down and sprouting feathers. We left this little family to the quiet of their own wild woods. We wished them no ill, but rather, to hunt undisturbed among the leaves and mosses for their daily food; to dip their tiny beaks in the cool springs and fear not man or any other ill; to grow and learn the shy ways of their kind; to drum on the logs at mating time; and rear broods of their own in the dark recesses of the forests that God had given them for a home.—H. E. Van Deman.

**The Boy on the Farm.**

Editor Green's Fruit Grower: One of the most prominent and highly educated lawyers of Rochester, N. Y., was asked to address a large audience in regard to his early school days. He spoke something as follows:

I was born and brought up on a farm far away from the city or village. My people had not the money to provide me with an education. I attended the district school winters and worked on the farm summers. I intended as I approached manhood to begin the fall term at Lima, N. Y., Seminary, but could not be spared from the farm until the middle of the term. I remember driving from my father's farm to the Seminary with my outfit—an old trunk ornamented with brass headed nails, and covered with horse hide, with the hair remaining on, a bundle of bedding and boxes of provisions. Among other things was a broom, which stuck out prominently over the back end of the wagon.

At the close of the term the principal of the school inquired if I was intending to return the next term. I told him that it was impossible, as I had not the means to pay the expenses. This good man seemed to anticipate my reply, for he at once handed me a free tuition for the next term. I told him that I could not even accept this as I had not money enough to pay for my board at the Seminary. Then the principal offered to give me work by which I could earn money enough to pay my current expenses and board.

Those were the days when the large buildings were heated by stoves. I carried from the cellar up two flights of stairs, twenty-five tons of coal during the winter, swept out the rooms, and dusted and put things in order. I shall never forget the kind treatment I received at this notable institution of learning, where the foundation of my future success was laid. Here I was converted. Later I began my studies at the University of Rochester, N. Y., where I graduated and took up the practice of law.

I know from experience what it is to be a boy upon a farm way back on a side road. To other people such a farm as this seems out of the world, but to the farmer's boy it is a little world of itself.

This boy knows nothing of the world at large. He may have ridden on a load of potatoes or wheat alongside of his father to the nearest city, and may have heard his school mates in the little country schoolhouse tell of things that have happened in the outside world, but they scarcely seem to him a reality.

Those whose every caprice is satisfied and pandered to in youth are hard to please when they become older. I am thankful that my tastes are simple and not expensive owing to my early training in the old farm home.

If I had a dozen boys I would like to have them brought up on the farm. It is well to retard the development of children as they are retarded on the farm. I do not believe in precocious children such as we often see in the cities. When I speak of this subject I am reminded of the first apples to ripen at harvest time in the old orchard. These were the precocious apples, but they were usually defective and inferior to those which matured later. In mature life I would like to have my boys receive opportunities and mingle with the world.—B. J.

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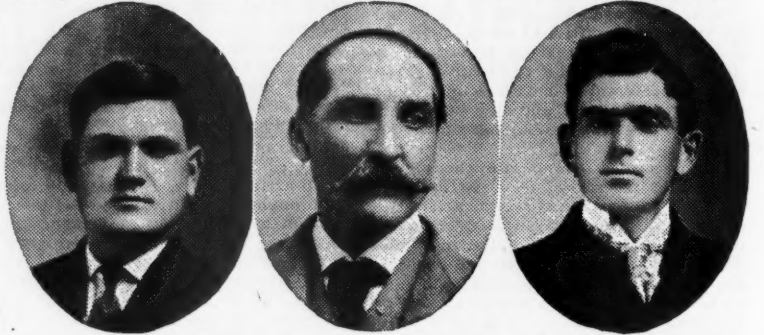
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No road's too rough,  
If in your heart  
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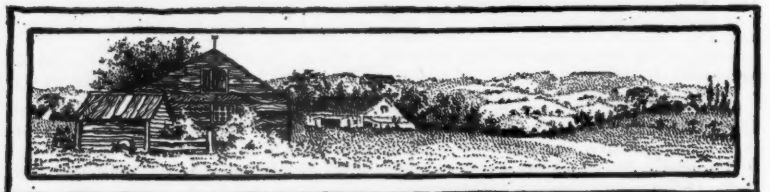
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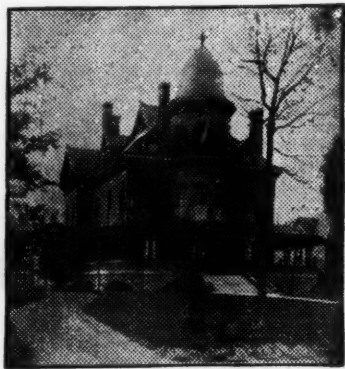
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Until a few years ago Mrs. Cora B. Miller lived in a manner similar to that of thousands of other very poor women of the average small town and village. She now resides in her own palatial brownstone residence, and is considered one of the most successful business women in the United States.



Mrs. Miller's New Residence, Earned in Less Than One Year.

Several years ago Mrs. Miller learned of a mild and simple preparation that cured herself and several friends of female weakness and piles. She was besieged by so many women needing treatment that she decided to furnish it to those who might call for it. She started with only a few dollars' capital, and the remedy, possessing true and wonderful merit, producing many cures when doctors and other remedies failed, the demand grew so rapidly she was several times compelled to seek larger quarters. She now occupies one of the city's largest office buildings, which she owns, and almost one hundred clerks and stenographers are required to assist in this great business.

### Million Women Use It.

More than a million women have used Mrs. Miller's remedy, and no matter where you live, she can refer you to ladies in your own locality who can and will tell you a sufferer that this marvelous remedy really cures women. Despite the fact that Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive, she is always willing to give aid and advice to every suffering woman who writes to her. She is a generous, good woman and has decided to give away to women who have never used her medicine \$10,000.00 worth absolutely FREE.

Every woman suffering with pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing-down feelings, nervousness, creeping sensations up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, or piles from any cause, should sit right down and send her name and address to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 5512, Kokomo, Ind., and receive by mail (free of charge in plain wrapper) a 50-cent box of her marvelous medicine; also her valuable book, which every woman should have.

Remember, this offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering will take advantage of this generous means of getting cured. So if you are ailing, do not suffer another day, but send your name and address to Mrs. Miller for the book and medicine before the \$10,000.00 worth is all gone.



**MORE MONEY, LESS TALKING** bigger field, handling our new inventions, than any other line. Needed in every home. Agents, you can't beat this. Selwell Co., 112 W. Jackson B., Chicago, Ill.

## What We Know About Mars, Our Neighbor World.

Written for Green's Fruit Grower by Thomas Milburn Upp.

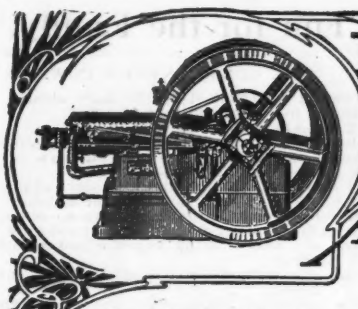
The most conspicuous and splendid object now seen in the evening sky is the planet Mars. Has Mars inhabitants like our own world? Are they filled with the same curiosity regarding us that we feel toward them? Will messages sometime be exchanged between the inhabitants of these neighbor worlds? None of these questions may be answered as yet. There are some very positive scientists who say that they will remain forever unanswered. But this is not the first time that scientists have been very positive as to the limits of our knowledge. Something like a hundred years ago, a lecturer, as an illustration of the limits of human understanding, said that while we might measure the distances of the stars never, by any possibility, could we know their chemical constitution. The learned professor spoke too soon. A few decades passed and the invention of the spectroscopic enabled men to sift the rays of starlight and say with certainty that this star was hydrogen, that one has iron and others have sodium, nickel and many other elements.

To see Mars during the late summer and early autumn of the present year look to the southeast as soon as the stars begin to appear. It is in that part of the heavens which the sun occupies in midwinter and may be seen just east of the Milky Way, well down in the south. There is no mistaking it for any of the neighboring stars. In brightness the planet just now far surpasses any star in that part of the heavens. In addition, it shines with a peculiar reddish color seen in no other planet and in only three or four of the bright stars. The moon will pass near Mars on the evenings of August 19th, September 16th and October 15th.

Mars circles about the sun at an average distance of about 141,000,000 miles and moves along its orbit at the rate of a little more than fifteen miles a second. The atmosphere of the planet is very thin, there are few or no clouds, and its markings are seen and mapped with great accuracy. The straight lines known as canals are not known to be the work of intelligent beings, but this is an explanation which explains while no other has been devised. In the opinion of Mr. Percival Lowell, who has for many years devoted his mind and means to the problem, they are belts of irrigated land supplied with water brought down in scientifically constructed channels from the melting polar snows. That these snow caps form and melt with the changes of the seasons has long been known. The red appearance of Mars represents the actual general color of the rocks and soil of the planet. The dark lines which appear and disappear may be supposed to represent the springing up and withering of the vegetation. If there are inhabitants who have accomplished these engineering feats—and evidence of the fact exists, with nothing in disproof—it is probable that our neighbor world possesses a civilization older and more complete than our own.

West of the Milky Way, in the same quarter of the sky, is a red star named Antares, which is like Mars in appearance but not so bright as is the latter in its present favorable position. It is, however, what is called a star of the first magnitude of brightness. A comparison of the two in certain respects may help to a comprehension of the essential difference between a planet and a star. Mars is a world like our own, shining by the reflected light of the sun. Antares is itself a sun vastly greater than our own. Light, which travels at a rate of a little less than two hundred thousand miles a second, comes to us from Mars in about four minutes; from Antares in a hundred and sixty-two years. A swift flying railroad train on its way to Mars would require eighty years; for a like journey to Antares no less than two thousand millions of years will suffice. The light from Antares which greets our eye tonight started on its journey when these United States were British colonies or unexplored wilderness and while Canada was still a possession of the French. Mars makes a complete circuit of the sky in about two years. Antares will keep unchanged its position among the stars while years, centuries and ages go by. But it is not enough to read of these objects of wonder. Go out and with your own eyes behold them shining in the evening sky.

Editor's Note.—The author of the above has recently been associated with the New York "Journal," New York "Evening Post," and the New York "Mercury." He has recently taken up fruit growing,



## I.H.C. GASOLINE ENGINE

A Money Making Power for Farmers

DOING a job with an engine in less than one-half the time and with less than one-half the labor required to do it without the use of gasoline engine power, is making money for the farmer.

There are plenty of such jobs on the farm.

And while you are making money this way you are saving your strength and lengthening your days; another reason for making the investment.

Powers for the farmers' use have come to be a necessity. Think of the uses you can put a gasoline engine to: sawing wood, pumping water, churning or operating the cream separator, running feed mill, shelling or shredding corn, threshing, and numerous other jobs of this nature.

They enable farmers to do their work faster, do it better, do it easier and accomplish more than farmers have ever been able to accomplish before in the history of the world.

I. H. C. engines have done much to bring all this about.

They are the one line of engines that have been perfected and are manufactured specially for farmers' use. The company that builds the I. H. C.

engines also makes an extensive line of unexcelled harvesting machines.

It can no more afford to let an inefficient gasoline engine go out from its shops than it can afford to send out a poorly built or poor working binder or mower.

If you will investigate the I. H. C. engines you will find that they are engines you can depend upon always. You must have dependability.

You will find them economical in operation.

You will find them simple and easy to understand. That is all-important to the man who is not an expert mechanic.

You will always be able to get from them their full rating of power, and more. You will have a choice of varied styles and sizes, so that your exact needs will be fully met. Vertical, in 2 and 3-H. P.

Horizontal (including portable and stationary), in 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15 and 20-H. P.

If you want to be fully advised on superior farm powers, call and take the matter up with our local agents. They will give you all particulars, or write or call for catalog and colored hanger illustrating and describing these engines.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA  
(Incorporated)  
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

and is now a subscriber of Green's Fruit Grower.

### Prizes for Photographs

Of Field or Bed of Strawberries, or of Plates or Trees Filled with Apples, Peaches, Pears, Plums, or Other Fruits.

Green's Fruit Grower offers a photographic contest. We want interesting photographs of orchards, vineyards, berry fields, etc. Our prizes are as follows:

First prize for photograph \$5, second prize for photograph \$3, third prize for photograph \$2.

It is agreed between our contestants and us that all photographs submitted in the contest will belong to Green's Fruit Grower, and used by them to illustrate Green's Fruit Grower whether they draw a prize or otherwise.

National Wealth.—A special report of the census bureau presents a comparative exhibit of the wealth of the United States and of other countries. The latest year for which statistics are available for this purpose is 1896. The total value of property in that year is estimated as follows:

United States .....	\$79,567,000,000
United Kingdom .....	57,453,000,000
France .....	47,156,000,000
Germany .....	39,185,000,000
Russia .....	31,267,000,000
Austria .....	21,957,000,000
Italy .....	15,378,000,000

One way of using an old piano stool is to fit it with a round top of pine boards. A charming novelty is the result—a revolving tea table, which is a very practical piece of furniture. If the base of the stool is of beautiful old rosewood or carved mahogany, it will serve as an ornament as well. The top may be stained to match the original wood, and varnished. Then a round cover inset with Cluny or other lace will be effective on it.

"I see in the paper that a widower with nine children has married a widow with seven children."

"That was no marriage; it was a combine."

John M. Stevens, former chief engineer of the Panama canal, is reported to have said, that deep water from Kansas City and Chicago to New Orleans means more than a bunch of Panama canals.

### Apples on Trees For Sale.

We have an orchard of five acres, mostly Baldwins, which we offer for sale, the buyer to pick, grade and barrel the apples. Apples are very promising in Western New York. Write at once for particulars. Address: Green's Nursery Company, Rochester, N. Y.

## RHEUMATISM

Try Without Cost a New External Remedy That is Curing Thousands. No Internal Medicine—Nothing But the Safe and Simple Drafts.

\$1.00's Worth to Try FREE.

We have found an external cure for Rheumatism that is not only curing all the milder stages, but curing old, chronic cases where victims of the cruel disease had suffered as long as 30 and 40 years without relief. We know this—there's no doubt or guesswork about it. You who have endured the endless torture of this dreadful disease must try the great Michigan External Cure for Rheumatism in every form, chronic or acute, muscular, inflammatory, sciatic, lumbago, or gout. No matter how severe or chronic your case may be—don't give up, don't despair before you have tried this cure. It doesn't make any difference what you have tried or how long you have suffered, we believe there is relief and comfort in every pair of Magic Foot Drafts, and we want you to try them on our assurance that they do and will cure Rheumatism in almost every cruel form and stage. Try them at our expense, and if you are satisfied with the benefit received send us one dollar—if not, don't send us a cent. Send your name and address today to Magic Foot Draft Co., 879 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. By next mail you will get the \$1.00 pair of Drafts just as we promise.



give up, don't despair before you have tried this cure. It doesn't make any difference what you have tried or how long you have suffered, we believe there is relief and comfort in every pair of Magic Foot Drafts, and we want you to try them on our assurance that they do and will cure Rheumatism in almost every cruel form and stage. Try them at our expense, and if you are satisfied with the benefit received send us one dollar—if not, don't send us a cent. Send your name and address today to Magic Foot Draft Co., 879 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. By next mail you will get the \$1.00 pair of Drafts just as we promise.

## Eczema Cured

\$1.00 TREATMENT FREE

To Try Send your name and address for our \$1.00 treatment, the greatest cure in the world for Eczema and all Skin and Scalp troubles. Use as directed, if benefited send \$1.00; if not you owe us nothing.

Grace Medical Co., 77 Phillips Block, Des Moines, Ia.



## A LIFE CURE

For Varicocele. My latest methods surpass anything I have ever found. Most cases cured in 10 to 60 days. No pain, no danger, no experiments. Afflicted persons want cures—not experiments. My specialty is varicocele, rupture, stricture and urinary diseases. Illustrated book and particulars free, in person or by letter. G. ALLAN ROWE, M. D., 60 NAGARA ST. N. BUFFALO, N. Y.



## Don't Be Fat.

My New Obesity Food Quickly Reduces Your Weight to Normal, Requires No Starvation Process and is Absolutely Safe.

TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE.



The Above Illustration Shows the Remarkable Effects of This Wonderful Obesity Food—What It Has Done For Others It Will Do For You.

My new Obesity Food, taken at mealtime, compels perfect assimilation of the food and sends the food nutriment where it belongs. It requires no starvation process. You can eat all you want. It makes muscle, bone, sinew, nerve and brain tissue out of the excess fat, and quickly reduces your weight to normal. It takes off the big stomach and relieves the compressed condition and enables the heart to act freely and the lungs to expand naturally and the kidneys and liver to perform their functions in a natural manner. You will feel better the first day you try this wonderful home food. Fill out coupon herewith and mail to-day.

### FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Kellogg's Obesity Food with testimonials from hundreds who have been greatly reduced, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to  
**F. J. KELLOGG, 469 Kellogg Bldg.,  
Battle Creek, Mich.**

**GRAND SPECIAL ADVERTISING OFFER—**  
SENT ON APPROVAL to responsible people

**Laughlin Fountain Pen**

To test the merits of this magazine as an advertising medium we offer you your choice of

These **\$1.00**  
Two Popular Styles For Only

(By registered mail 8c. extra)

Cut on right hand side represents our Standard Model—and cut on left represents our Self Filler Model.

Illustrations exact size  
Guaranteed finest grade  
14 K. Solid Gold Pen

Fitted to our new non-breakable, non-sweating holder. Guaranteed best and most satisfactory holder made.

You may try the pen a week. If you do not find it as represented, a better value than you can secure for three times this special price in any other make, if not entirely satisfactory in every respect return it and we will send you \$1.10 for it, the extra 10 cents being for your trouble in writing us and to show our confidence in the Laughlin Pen.

(Not one customer in 5,000 has asked for return of money.)

Give us your dealer's name when ordering and we will include with pen (without extra charge) one of our Safety Pocket Pen Holders.

Lay this magazine down and write now.  
Address  
**Laughlin Mfg. Co.,  
32 Griswold Street  
Detroit, Mich.**

**CIDER AND WINE PRESSES GRATERS, ETC.**  
Hand and power. Manufactured by THE G. J. EMERY CO., successors to Empire State Screw Press Co., Fulton, N. Y. Box 80. Send for free catalog.

## Fun for the Family.

### THE CONSCIENTIOUS COW.

The old cow walked by the dairy shed And in her ruminant way she said; "I'm feeling about as fine as silk, But I'd like a drink of my own good milk;" And looking around she presently saw A pail a-standing beside the door— It was buttermilk, about two days old, But the aged vaccine hadn't been told; She only remarked: "It's mean to bilk An industrious cow of her own good milk." And she took a drink and she looked surprised And she walked away and that cow surmised; She surmised about half way down the lane, And she said in astonishment mixed with pain: "To judge by the flavor of that there milk, I can't be feeling as fine as silk. I must be bilious, I'll bet a hat. When I get to giving down milk like that!" —Live Stock World.

De man dat is allus talkin' 'bout his great friendship for me," said Uncle Eben, "generally sounds to me like he was thinkin' 'bout doin' me a bad turn an' was holdin' a mental argument wif hisself."—Washington "Star."

Said Pat: "Oi wish Oi knew where I was goin' to die. Oi'd give a thousand dollars to know the place where Oi'm goin' to die."

"Well, Pat, what good would that do you?"  
"Oi'd niver go near that place"

The Tramp—You're one man in a hundred. "T ain't often I meet anybody that'll talk to me two minutes without askin' why I don't go to work at some trade.

The Remarkable Man—Oh, I can tell by looking at you.

She—I would never marry a man who was a coward.

He—About how brave would it be necessary for him to be in order to win your approval.

She—Well, he'd have to have courage enough to—er—propose.—Chicago "News."

Cittiman—Look here, sir, didn't you warrant the horse you sold me yesterday to be without fault?

David Harum—Yes; ain't he?  
Cittiman—No, sir, he is not; he interferes.

David Harum—Wal, I don't see as you hev any reason fur complainin' about that. He doesn't interfere with anybody but himself, does he?"—Lippincott's.

The horsefly sat by the side of the road.

And watched the autos go whizzing by; He disapproved of the modern mode. And "Stung!" was the cry of the equine fly.

For a horseless fly's like a wireless wire.

And there's not much food in the tireless tire!

—Cleveland "Leader."

First Tramp—It's pretty cold to-day; I'd hate to live at the North pole.

Second Tramp—So would I; I wouldn't have the nerve to ask for a night's lodging, if the nights were six months long.—From "Smart Set."

"Willie," said the minister, "Now tell me if you can, What kind of marks you got at school Last week, my little man."

"Well, some of 'em," he replied, "Wus red, but they was few; The most of them I got last week Wus simply black an' blue."

—Denver "Post."

Lady (after the tramp finishes eating)—It's merely a suggestion—the woodpile is in the back yard.

Tramp—You don't say! What a splendid place for a woodpile!—Chicago "Ledger."

Mrs. Dash—Mother says she wants to be cremated.

Dash—Just my luck! I haven't a match with me.—"Smart Set."

Friend—Why did you pass that man as a good risk? I heard him tell you he had over ten different kinds of chronic diseases.

Insurance doctor—Yes; but, you know those kind of fellows never die.—"Judge."

O, for a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, O, for an iceberg or two at control, O, for some vale which at noontide the dew cucumbers,  
O, for a pleasure trip up to the pole.

"No, my child, new words are coined every day."

"And what is the last word, papa?"

"I don't know, dear. Ask your mother. She always has the last words."—Le Rire.

This is the Celebrated

## "FENDALL" STRAWBERRY

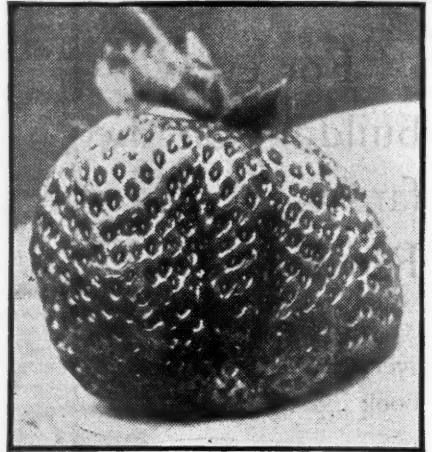
ACTUAL SIZE—Reproduced from photograph. A limited number of plants for sale. First come, first served.

Yields sixteen thousand, eight hundred qts. per acre. Ready for delivery from August 1st to November 1st and Spring of 1908.

Other choice varieties for sale, viz: Corsican, Senator Dunlap, Climax, Pineapple, Orem, and Gandy, by freight, express or mail.

The "Fendall" being a pistillate, the Corsican, Senator Dunlap or Climax are excellent mates for it. One row of the varieties named, then four rows of "Fendall," and so on, will give an ideal strawberry patch.

Send at once for descriptive catalogue.  
CHAS. E. FENDALL, TOWSON, MD.



## SEASONABLE SPRAYERS

### GREEN'S FOUR ROW ATTACHMENT.

For Spraying Potatoes, Small Fruits, etc.

Can be attached to any barrel spray pump having two leads of hose, and used on any wagon or cart. This makes the best four row rig at small cost. Send for descriptive circular with illustration of how it is attached and used.

Price, complete with four vermored or Bordeaux nozzles, without pump, \$7.50.



### THE "AUTO-SPRAY."

A practical machine for potatoes, tobacco, small fruits, vineyards, poultry houses, green houses, etc. Extension pipes useful for spraying tall trees. A few strokes of plunger compresses enough air to cover a quarter acre of potatoes or similar crop. The operator simply holds the nozzle. The tank holds four gallons. Weight, packed for shipment, 13 lbs.

"Auto-Spray" No. 1, Brass Tank, with stop cock, hose and nozzles \$6.50

"Auto-Spray" No. 1, Galvanized Tank, with stop cock, hose and nozzles 5.00

Elbow Extension, Brass, for reaching underside of foliage, on low plants and shrubs, without stooping, each .35

Extension Pipes, 2-foot lengths, for spraying high trees 35c. each, 3 for 1.00

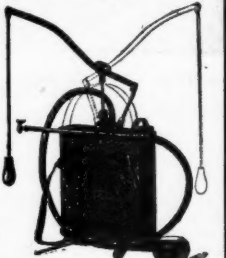
The new Auto-Pop anti-choke nozzle attachment (see A) will save time and spray solution and we recommend it. Price, when ordered with the "Auto-Spray," extra 1.00

### KNAPSACK SPRAYER—For Small Fruit, Potatoes, etc.

A convenient outfit with which to spray from four to six acres of small fruit or potatoes in a day. The tank holds 5 gallons, and is fitted with lid and strainer, which can be removed. The pump has a large air chamber, ball valves, solid plunger and agitator, can be used the same as bucket pump. The handle lever can be shifted from right to left shoulder.

Price No. 330 Knapsack Spray Pump, with 5 feet of 1/2 inch hose, pipe extension and Bordeaux or graduating, Vermored spray nozzle, which can be graduated from a fine mist spray to a solid stream or shut off entirely, \$5.95.

No. 331, with solid copper tank and same attachments as above, \$8.95.



### THE TENNENT HAND SPRAYER.

The newest and best Hand Sprayer on the market for house and garden use.

The patent mixer, a valuable improvement over all other hand sprayers, stirs the solution thoroughly. Price, with patent mixer, boxed for shipment (weight, box and all, 6 lbs.), 95c.

GREEN'S NURSERY CO., DEPARTMENT ROCHESTER, N. Y.

### Cunning Kansas.

Kansas must have a good advertising department. Every year the announcement is telegraphed far and wide and published in all of the daily, weekly and monthly journals that Kansas needs more help for harvesting its wheat crop. Green's Fruit Grower does not doubt that Kansas does need more help, but it is just as true that every other state needs help and more help than it can secure.

New York state needs more help to harvest her berry and apple crops, her hay, her wheat and her corn, barley and oats crops. Why should not New York state have an advertisement making the announcement each season that New York needs more laborers to help our farmers and fruit growers in harvesting their crops? It is because Kansas is more cunning, shrewd and progressive. Long live Kansas! We have lots of subscribers out that way and we think very highly of them.

Of course, there is always room at the top—if you can push the other fellow off.

### FOLDING BATH TUB

WEIGHT 16 POUNDS. Costs little. Requires little water. Write for Special offer. G. F. Irwin, 103 Chambers Street, New York City.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

### Grow Mushrooms

For Big and Quick Profits. I can give practical instructions worth many dollars to you. No matter what your occupation is or where located, get a thorough knowledge of this paying business. Particulars free. JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM, 5245 N. Western Ave., B-22, Chicago.

"Come to see all the sights, eh?" said Clitman. "Well, you don't want to miss the big mirror in the lobby of this hotel." "Do tell!" said Farmer Korntop, "some-thing' worth seein', is it?" "Yes, indeed. You won't see all the sights unless you take a look at something like that."—Louisville "Courier-Journal."



DENVER

## Be Our Guest on A Trip to Colorado

On the first and third Tuesdays of each month we run excursions to Otero County, Colorado, and we want you to be our guest. We want to show you 5,000 acres of irrigated land which we are offering for sale in any size tracts from \$70.00 to \$125.00 per acre. We want to show you land that can be made to yield a larger cash profit than any other farm land in the country.

Here are a few crops that pay big money: Raising sugar-beets will yield \$100.00 or more per acre. Alfalfa will bring \$40.00 or more. Raising cantaloupes will yield \$500.00 per acre and upwards. Fruit \$100.00 to \$500.00 per acre and upwards. Vegetables from \$80.00 to \$125.00 per acre. Wheat 60 to 70 bushels per acre. Oats 75 to 100 bushels per acre, and many others, too numerous to mention in this announcement, can be made to yield equally as much. The Colorado climate is the most healthful in the world. The clear air and the sunshine makes it a paradise for health-seekers. Tens of hundreds of people visit this state every year simply to rest and recuperate. Almost 340 days of the year the sun shines. No severe winters or bad weather. If you buy one of our farms you can be working while the farmer in the North and in the East is hugging the stove to keep warm. You and your children will have every possible advantage. We have good schools; high-schools and country schools. Churches of all denominations within easy walking distance. This shows there are a good class of people there. The land is almost perfectly level and is full of vegetable mould. It is located between Olney Springs on the Missouri Pacific Railroad and Rockyford on the Santa Fe. Rockyford is the famous Cantaloupe town. The roads are in the best of condition. They never get muddy, and travel or hauling is easy at all times. We have the Rural Free Delivery Mail Routes which reach every home and hamlet.

The good telephone service puts you in touch with all parts of the state and union. We have good well water for drinking purposes and plenty of water for irrigating which is already on the land. Our season

# Otero County, Colorado

is early and we are located near the markets, thus affording you the best prices. Building in Otero County is as cheap, if not cheaper, than anywhere else in the North, East or South. If you so desire, you can build a 2-room portable house for about \$80.00 until you get ready to build a good house, which would cost from \$250.00 up.

Our prices for this land are extremely low when you consider that land in other parts of the state is selling for from \$250.00 to \$1,500.00 per acre.

The land that we are now offering you will double in value within the next year. The advantages of one of these farms are too numerous to mention in the limited space of this announcement. We want you to be our guest and go out with us and see for yourself. Let us prove to you that the above statements are not in the least overdrawn.

**Here Are Some STUBBORN FACTS**—See report No. 80, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Page 109, on Colorado Irrigated Lands:

480 acres sugar beets 10,100 tons or.....	\$50,500
Less all expenses .....	19,200
Net profit.....	\$31,300

### Compared With Corn—

480 acres corn 24,000 bu. or .....	\$9,600
Less all expenses .....	3,600
Net profit.....	\$6,000

Net profit in favor of sugar beets.....\$25,300

The price of beets every year is \$5.00 per ton. The price of corn uncertain.

On 34 acres of beets one man cleared net \$3,825.

Another rented 80 acres for 3 years, planted all in sugar beets, he paid rent \$4,380, and cleared above all expenses \$9,920.

Fill out the attached coupon and mail it to us.

You do not need to write a letter.

We will send you full information, maps and other circular matter.

We want you to become a Colorado farmer, to live in the most healthful state in the union, and to get the largest cash returns for your labor.

If you cannot make a trip with us to Colorado, we would suggest that you read carefully our circular matter, pick out the farm that you want, send in your first deposit, and then make the trip at your convenience. This is not a speculation or a chance game of any kind, but it is the simplest, sanest, safest, soundest, best investment you will ever have a chance to make. Failure is unknown except through individual carelessness. You are absolutely fortified against frosts by the climate—against excessive rains by the natural conditions—against drouth by the most complete and perfect irrigation system in the country.

The land is selling rapidly and we want you to get your choice at once, so fill out the coupon and send it to us without delay.

THE NORTHWEST LAND & TRUST CO., 553 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago

PUEBLO

553  
The Northwest Land & Trust Company,  
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me full information regarding your irrigated lands, and your special excursions. It is understood that this request puts me under no obligations should I decide not to buy.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Our Tract

Mo. Pac. Ry. Main Line to Eastern Markets

Arkansas River

A.T. &amp; S.F. Ry.

AND MAIL TO US TODAY

Rocky Ford  
Famous for  
its Cantaloupes

CANAL

OLNEY

ORDWAY

SUGAR CITY

\$6.50  
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